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THE ONES WHO ARE LEFT BEHIND.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

At either end of that sad link
'Twixt Here and There, we call Good-bye,
Hands tremble and the full heart throbs
For what beyond its length shall lie.

But, ah! the trav'ler outward bound
On yonder sky sees novel gleams,
While waiting ones whose feet are stayed
Have only memory and dreams.

The bird that leaves its woodland nest
Catches new sunshine on its wing;
The lonely one that stays at home
Brooding in shade forgets to sing.

The gathered rose by beauty worn
Flaunts gaily, tho' it dies so soon;
The rifled bush in sorrow bides
Through starlight watch and sleepy noon.

The country boy with honest heart
Cityward turns, and fights his way;
Pity the lad, but pity more
The "old folks" who at home must stay.

Bravely the bride at parting turns
From loving arms about her twined;
Sunlight is o'er thee, bonny bride,
Shade for the mother left behind.

So when a good ship sails away
I seem to hear upon the wind,
Prayers, not for travellers on their way,
But for the sad hearts left behind.

For whom Life has the same routine,
Only unlighted as of yore,
By forms and voices loved and lost,
From stair, and hall, and open door.

For evermore the strongest go
Venturing far. We weak ones stay;
Ora pro nobis, kindly souls,
As well as those who go away.

And, oh! when angels stoop to take
Buds never lent to blossom here;
When stalwart souls up higher rise,
For better work in light more clear;

When for the last time lies the link
'Twixt hands "Good-bye" no more shall bind,
Then, dear Lord, look in mercy down,
Comfort the sad ones left behind.

NORWOOD;

OR,

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW-ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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CHAPTER XIX.

GOING TO COLLEGE.

Barton Cathcart was brought up on a farm, by a farmer, with no other thought than that he would, like his father, live by steady and hard work. Early he manifested ambition, but it developed in the line of his duties. Thoroughly above his years, industry and fidelity marked him from childhood. His tenacity of purpose was remarkable, and had it not been controlled by judgment, in later years it would have become obstinacy.

He was ambitious of doing men's work, and, at ten years of age, in labor that required tact and quickness rather than strength, he was fully as serviceable as a man. He was eager to prove himself tough, refused in the coldest winter to wear an overcoat, rejoiced to brave storms, and regarded the reputation of being a good farmer as praise enough.

His winters were given to schooling, and his father's example at home bred in him a love of reading. When he was about fourteen, there began to rise in his mind dim questionings whether he should after all follow husbandry. The books which he had read furnished so many heroes that he found his allegiance to hard work somewhat shaken. Sometimes he dreamed that he would be a merchant, and that after a successful life, he would return and build in his native village.

Then he pondered within himself whether he might not by study become a lawyer. His mind had been inflamed with admiration by some trials that had gone on in Norwood, and he caught the contagion of the common people, who look upon a smart lawyer as one of the most enviable of men.

But all these dreams were as nothing to the influence of a single question which Rose put to him one Sunday evening at her father's:

"Barton, don't you mean to go to college?"

"No; I never really thought of it. What makes you ask me?"

"I should like to go myself. I should like to know everything. But women don't go to college. If I were a man I should certainly go."

"What would you do there, Rose?"

"I don't know. I could tell better afterwards. Don't you think that you would like to be a minister, Barton?"

There are some impressions that come upon us with the force of prophecies. Barton had never before once thought of a college, except as a vague picture, a place of wonderful men who knew all manner of wonderful things. Like a true New-England boy, he looked with admiration upon any young man that "had been to college." Intelligence and morality are the household ideals of New England. The Amherst College buildings he had seen as they glimmered far across the Connecticut river valley, and had often vaguely striven in imagination to picture the contents of those buildings, very much as old crusaders may be imagined to have wondered at Jerusalem afar off.

These few words of Rose had struck a chord which never ceased vibrating. He thought of it all the way home. Every day he found the subject intruding upon him. Finally, it had so possessed his feelings that his farm work no longer seemed his chief ambition, and he found himself following his tasks with less spring and pleasure than hitherto; and dangerous signs, even of weariness and impatience, appeared.

At length he determined to break his thoughts to his mother—confident that, though she might repress his new desires, she would yet sympathize with his ambition to rise in the world. Great then was his surprise when, one evening, he made a full disclosure of his thoughts, to find that Rachel was neither astonished nor averse.

It was an evening when his father was away in town, and the house was still. Barton said to his mother:

"Mother, do you think I ought to go to college?"

She paused, and looked fixedly and kindly upon her son; she then went on with her work in silence for many minutes—so many minutes that Barton thought it an hour, though it was not a quarter of it. He sat with the book which he had been reading on his knee, and his forefinger in it for a mark, looking into the fire.

What other picture-book has such color, such infinite novelty of design, such suggestiveness as the farmer's picture book on the andirons? There were flames shooting up like spires of churches in the colors of sunset. On the front log was a mimic hunting-scene. Along the surface ran a faint line of blue gas, issuing at little intervals from cracks; and this seemed like rabbits or foxes. Then from the end of the log a flame like a hound; it leaped over and caught the gas, and raced across the whole front and disappeared, as if around a corner. Barton's uneasy thoughts were well nigh as fitful and fiery as the flames before him. He glanced at his mother. She was excited too. Her eye was bright, a color was on her cheek, her hand was more nervously quick.

Rachel came, at length, and sat down by him.

"Barton, your words seem to me like an opening door. On one side is the home, and purity and security; on the other the great and wide world, full of all manner of life and danger. You have always seemed to me as one that would remain here. But already your thoughts have gone; and by and by you will follow. I am willing. Yet the day you leave us will be a day of pangs more than when you were born."

"Mother, I will not go if you wish me to stay. I can give it up."

"When God stirs in us deep thoughts for things that are right, they are prophecies, and we must heed them. Should I keep you back and hide you from God's decrees, could I prevail? If we follow duty willingly, we are treated kindly; but if we resist, Duty hunts us down and drags us to answer to our conscience."

Then both were silent. Barton was looking at the coals under the fore log. There was one spot that seemed making signs to him. The dull yellow red of the coal suddenly glowed with white light as if a stream of air had fanned it, then sunk back to its ruddy hue; it glanced out white and radiant again, and lost the glow once more, as if it kept sympathy with Barton's thoughts, that rose and sunk by turns.

"Oh, my son, I know not why God has shaded life to my eyes. His will be done! Life seems so deep, so awful in meaning, and infinite—infinite in its results. It is like an ocean, with great storms travelling over it always, and many enemies. Yet every one must venture. If I were sure that you had made your peace with God——"

She paused.

The fore stick broke in two, and showers of sparks rushed up the fire-place, and great meaty coals rolled down upon the hearth, while the whole fire seemed to ease itself, and settled down into new positions, as if a restraint had been removed.

It was a relief to both of them, and Barton put a new fore-stick in place, laid back the brands, and with the tongs raked the great bed of coals right and left under the logs, as if to clear out its throat and give the fire breathing room.

"But, my son, have you thought whether you will be able to succeed?"

"Mother, I have not spoken a word to father about it."

"I did not mean that. Should your father consent? You are not yet fifteen. You have learned only the common branches of an English education. It is two miles to the Academy. You will have to study at least two years before you can enter college. If your father should give you your time and help you besides, he would expect you to help yourself. You know his mind. If he had ever so much money, he would not give it to you. He thinks that the earning is a moral preservation. It will require patience and courage to get an education."

"I have patience and courage," said Barton, quietly. "Did you ever know me give up anything that I had undertaken? Did not father say that he didn't believe anybody else would ever have got down that wood, on the mountain lot, in the deep snow, that I did? But he never knew half what I went through. Didn't I finish that piece of wall that father said nobody could do in two days? But you didn't know, nor he either, that I went out after you were a-bed, and worked all night, by the moon. It was four o'clock in the morning when I quit. There's something in me that won't let go when I take hold in earnest. I can't help it!"

"But an education is only a beginning, what do you mean to do afterwards?"

"I don't know. If a man is well educated, I guess he can do pretty much as he pleases. May be I'll be a lawyer or a minister."

"Or a doctor, Barton?"

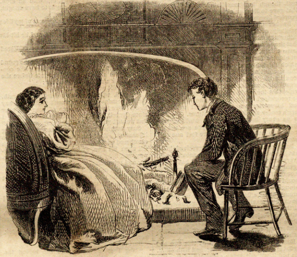
He was silent. The fire had lost much of its zeal, and lay like a rich community, with great banks of hot coals; while, here and there, a brand that had fallen the wrong way, like a disappointed man in society, lay smoking,—white on the outside with ashes, and black with charcoal within.

The conversation was interrupted by the sounds in the yard. Barton started up for the lantern, and sprang out to relieve his father of the horse, which he always put up of himself, unless relieved by some such proffered service of his children.

It was some days before the subject was resumed in the family; and then 'Biah Cathcart introduced it.

"Barton, your mother says you want to go to college. I have no objection, if you think you are smart enough. You cannot enter college without examination. My farm is as honorable in its way as a college. I sha'n't let any one brought up here leave it without standing an examination. If you choose to learn surveying and will give me a plot of my farm and a map of this district, I'll give you your time. It won't do for a farmer's boy to go to college, and not to know more about land than if he came from a city."

His father said nothing to him of books, and nothing of a teacher. Barton was too proud to ask any help—at any rate at home. He knew his father's notions, and he knew that he was expected to find out his own way, and to master the art and mystery of surveying by his own wit and ingenuity.


[BARTON BREAKING HIS THOUGHTS TO HIS MOTHER.]

He said to himself:

"Where shall I begin? Well—I must find that out myself. How shall I find it out? What book will tell me? I suppose I've got *that* to find out too. If there is no book, then I must get somebody to tell me, and I *will* too, or I'll know the reason why."

Barton's first step was to explore his father's library. Among the several hundred volumes he remembered vaguely to have seen a book with land surveying in it. But whether the art of surveying was large and difficult, or simple and easy, he could not tell. Accordingly he examined every book in his father's book-cases. Here were Scott's and Henry's Commentaries on the Scriptures. Here were a few law books. There were histories, ancient and modern, sacred and profane. A very good selection of English classics, and a few translations of the ancients. There was a good row of voyages, travels and biographies. The largest number of books was in the department of Natural History and in the art and science of farming, on which his father's reading had been extensive. There was also Rees' Cyclopædia, and a few of Scott's and Cooper's novels; but no book on surveying.

"*Was* there not one? Had it been removed purposely? Was it loaned? I don't care—there are books *somewhere*, and I'll find out where."

Old 'Biah knew what was going on, but never spoke a word. "We are apt to put too many blades in our knives now-a-days," said he. "I had rather give the boy a handle, and let him put in his own blade. There is nothing like working out a thing yourself. Lead is as good as steel when the knife is in your pocket. Put it to hard work and see which keeps its edge—that tells the difference between good temper and none at all."

When they were working in the field, if his boys asked him a question that came within their own powers of investigation, he would say—"A man should be ashamed to ask questions of others that he can answer himself. What was your head given for but to use?" In this way his children were early inclined to observe and study for themselves.

But once, when Barton had been to Springfield, and returned by a different route, having to visit several outlying neighbors on business, he lost his way, and was detained a night. His father would not take the excuse.

"If a man has got a tongue in his head there is no need of missing his way in a populous country. Ask questions!"

A spirit of independence could scarcely fail to grow up under such influences, and when, through inexperience, it tended to extremes, old Cathcart would say: "He is independent who troubles people the least, and helps them the most. Never let any body carry you or your burdens if you can help it. But always be ready to carry other people's, if they need it."

After a vain search, Barton seemed baffled. At last, a happy thought struck him.

"I'll ask Tommy Taft; he's an old sailor and has studied navigation; maybe surveying and navigation are enough alike for him to help me."

CHAPTER XX.

CONSULTATIONS.

The next night, not long after dark, a knock was heard at Tommy Taft's shop-door. Tommy was sitting in his rough old chair, that seemed to have been once a part of a pork-barrel. The front had been sawed away half-way down, leaving the rest of the staves for a back; and a seat was laid across the open part; and the whole was covered with some cheap stuff, so that it answered the purpose of luxury far better than do most of the chairs, which seem designed to make visitors so uncomfortable that their calls shall be short.

"Who's there?—come in!" roared out Tommy, laying down his pipe.

But several reasons precluded obedience to the vociferous command which he repeated. In the first place, the door below was fastened; and, in the next place, had Barton made good his entrance, his way among barrels and benches, shavings and timber, was not like to be smooth or easy.

Mother Taft lit a candle, saying, with a woman's and a nurse's apprehension:

"I am afraid ma'am Whipple's child is worse. They were to send if they needed me."

The stairs came down into the corner of the shop. Loosening the rude wooden bolt, she opened the door.

"Why, Barton Cathcart, of all things in the world! What is the matter? Is your mother sick? Is anything the matter at home?"

"Nothing, Mother Taft," said he, hastening to relieve her honest anxiety. "I only came down to see Tommy about some business."

By this time Tommy's wooden leg was busy up stairs, pounding and slapping, at each step, as he made toward the head of the stairs. Each step shook every board in the floor, as if a flail or rather trip-hammer, were at work on a wager.

As Barton came in sight, Tommy seemed enraptured.

"Why, boy,—why, lad, come up here! Let me get my hands on you—that's all! Come up here, my chap, if you dare,—just come up here!"

And no sooner was the act done than Tommy seized him in his arms, as if he had been a pet dog; and shook him, and laughed at him, and toddled him off towards the fire, rubbing his shoulders, as if he were rolling out a piece of pie-crust.

"Why, where did you come from? What's the matter? What do you want, my hearty? Any mischief up, eh? Anything broke? Anything smashed? What is it, I say; what's the matter?" And without waiting for an answer, he plumped Barton into his own barrel seat, with an emphasis which threatened to carry them both over upon the floor, and quite overthrew Uncle Tommy's familiar, in the shape of a huge, yellow, crop-ear cat, that sat dozing by the fire. "Clap on some more stuff, woman. Let's have more fire. Nights are nights, now, d'ye know! Skates broke, eh?—No?—Gun out of order? Traps gone?—No?—Well, what is it? Didn't come from Parson Buell, did ye? Had my dose last week. Good man. Looks after the old sinner. He needs it. Have to keep tryin' the pumps. Some day, afore you know it, he'll founder. No hope. Bad business. Wicked old sinner. But what have you come for, I tell you?"

"Why," said Barton, laughing, "if you'll keep still long enough for me to speak, Tommy, I'll tell yo."

"Sartin, sartin. I don't want to talk—go on. Somethin's the matter, I know. Come down to-night. No, no—not for nothin'. I know. Come, jest tell us what it is; and don't keep an old fellow with his anchor neither up or down. But, boys will be boys," said Tommy, giving Barton an affectionate slap on his knee.

"Well," said Barton, striking in resolutely, as one who means to make his way in a crowd, "I want to find out something, and I don't know who to go to, Tommy; and I thought perhaps you would know."

"Of course I know. What's an old sailor good for but to know all the odds and ends, and crinkum-crankums for young folks? The only jolly folks in this world are young folks that aint good for nothin' yet, and old folks that's past doin' much. All the rest of the world are livin' in a pucker and a fume all the time. I tell you, Barton, I'm the only sensible man in this town. Did ye ever see such a stewin' and brewin' as goes on for nothin' among these folks, that are rubbin' and grindin' round to make money, and then usin' it to make more money, and that to make more, and haven't time to stop and enjoy it a little!"

There is no telling to what lengths of discourse Tommy would have gone, for he seemed in peculiarly good spirits to-night, at Barton's visit. Barton was one of Tommy's prime favorites.

But the old fellow was a good deal puzzled when the errand came out.

"Tommy, I want to learn something about surveying. I'm going to college."

"Thunder and lightnin'! Goin' to college? make a map to find your way from here to Amherst, eh?"

"Father is so 'fraid that his children will depend on somebody for something, that he never acts as other folks do. He wants me to show that I am in earnest, and he in a sort puts me on a *stent;* and so I've got to learn something about surveying, to let him see that I've got spunk enough to study; and I won't ask father anything about it," said Barton, laughing, "not if I have to invent surveying all over again. Now I thought that as you knew about navigation, you could perhaps tell me enough about surveying to give me a start. But don't tell father."

"Well, if that ain't the beat all! I never 'spected to be a school master, and have folks cum to me for larnin'. Why, Barton, I don't know nothin' about it. Navigation, boy, I guess is a sort of a surveyin' bottom side up. I mean that it is studyin' out the stars and findin' out where you are. But, Lord bless you, that won't help you on dry land, and if 't would, I couldn't help you. Why don't you just go over to Edwards? They say he's big on mathematics."

"That's a good idea," said Barton. "I wonder I never thought of that. Now I come to think of it, I know that he has surveyed a good deal. He was out a while when they were running the lines for the railroad."

Tommy had been pulling away at a bag in a closet, and now brought out some hickory nuts, and was proceeding to fill a tin pan with them, when Barton cut short his hospitable intent. Go he must. His errand must be speedily performed. The night was wearing, and it would not do to be out late.

"But why on airth don't you ask your father, Barton? I guess he could tell you as well as any body."

"You know my father, Tommy. He's queer about some things. He's always stirring us up to find out things. He seems set not to tell us anything that we can dig out ourselves."

"That's the old man all over. But good for you—good for you—make you smart—wake you up—keep you sharp."

"He wouldn't tell me the name of a flower, but made me hunt it down in a Botany. He wouldn't tell me why the moss grew on one side of a tree more than on the other, but set me to find out. If I were to ask him about surveying he would say,—What have you done yourself to find out? As soon as he sees that I am in earnest, and have tried to help myself, he'll help me."

"And is he as strict with Alice?" asked Mother Taft, who had listened silently to the conversation.

"Yes—but rather softer. But she has to hunt the dictionary for her words, and he won't let her read a sentence that contains a place or river, or custom, that he don't question her; and if she don't know, he expects her to find out, and to find out, too, how to find out."

"And how does Alice like it?"

"Oh, she's smart, to father's heart's content. She has got so keen that you can't catch her very easy. You see that's a habit which grows on one. And after a while it is just as easy, and a little easier, to find out your own things than to be depending on other people to find them out for you. But I must be off. Much obliged for your nuts. I'll put some in my pocket. What big ones!—splendid! You always know where the best trees are, Tommy."

"No, that's Pete's work. Pete knows every nut, and every squirrel, and every berry that grows in these parts. You see my leg does very well to walk with; a little noisy, perhaps, especially when you are late to meetin' and walk up the aisle in prayer time; but it's no use on a chestnut tree. A wooden leg is a good thing though, Barton; never have to cut my toe-nails on that leg," said Tommy, with a chuckle. "Not much paid out for shoes neither. Go to a blacksmith for my shoes—ho! ho! ho! Never have rheumatism in that leg neither. Don't catch cold when I git it wet. Toes never cold on that leg—he! he! he! No corns. Nobody steps on my toes. Don't cost much for blackin'. It's a real convenience. Sometimes I think legs were a mistake; aint worth as much as it costs to keep 'em up."

"I suppose, then, you regret having one well leg, Tommy?"

"Of course I do. Often think of havin' it taken off. Very odd, you see, to have one flesh leg and one wooden leg. Feller don't like to be odd, ye know," said Tommy, winking at Barton, as if to save him from taking the speech literally. "So queer, you know, to wake up in the night and turn over just one leg! Then my old smasher makes such a noise that everybody looks at that one, and I do believe my real leg gits jealous of the attention that's paid to the wooden one. The fact is, that wooden feller hasn't got much manners. Never could keep him still, and it's the worst leg to have treadin' on your toes that ever you saw."

As Tommy Taft thus ran on, his eye seemed to linger fondly upon Barton, and his rough voice grew less turbulent. All at once, turning to him, in a manner entirely changed, and full of rude tenderness, he said, in a simple way:

"And so, Barton, you really are going to college. Well, I didn't think it. You're going to college, and I sha'n't see you much more, my boy."

His manner was so new, and there was such a sort of helplessness in his way, that Barton was affected by it, and said:

"Why, Tommy, I sha'n't go this two years, and I shall be home every vacation, you know. It is only a few miles to Amherst, anyhow."

"It's all right. If a boy's got anything particular in him, it'll certainly git out, somehow, and it aint much use to try to stop it. If you do, it'll only twist it and twirl it, like a seed with a board on it, that will come up and creep out sideways, and gits up in spite of hindrance, only with a cruel crooked stem. I might 'a made a smart man once, but they meddled with me, and I was fierce—well, no matter. Old Tommy missed it. But you won't. You'll all be right, Barton, boy! On the hull, I'm glad of it. Folks that stay to hum are like coasters—sloops and schooners like, that run along shore and do a peddlin' business in shoal water. Folks that go to college are square rigged. They can make long voyages, carry big freights, go round the world if they're mind to."

Tommy seemed likely to spend the night in talking, and Barton abruptly bid Mother Taft good-night, and climbed down stairs, while Tommy from the top was still adding some further remarks.

Mr. Edwards received Barton with a calm and dignified welcome, and expressed no surprise. He acted as one must who for forty years had been used to having boys come to him for everything. He had been a school-master all his life. Under his care the academy had earned a high position. The young men who fitted for college there were uniformly remarked for their thorough scholarship and industrious habits.

Mr. Edwards was tall, thin, with a large gray eye, which was mild and gentle in repose, but kindled like an eagle's under excitement; his face was white; his hair remained thick only around the sides of his head, while upon the top it was very thin, and everywhere gray. His habitual sobriety was underlaid with a genuine relish of humor, which seldom brought out a laugh, sometimes a smile, but usually only a lighting up of his whole face, and a look of good nature even kinder than usual. His long teaching had earned him a small property, which enabled him now to live in the inexpensive way which best pleased him. He had been once married, but early lost his wife, and never again thought of marrying. His whole life was her monument. And his love, never spoken, but never, after years and years, less tender and fresh and romantic than in the days of his youth, burned like a lamp in some obscure chapel, fed by pious hands, unseen by day to the passers by, but in darkness and secresy forever shining before the shrine of Love!

A widowed sister was the only companion of his house. Her hands performed the whole labor of the household. Like her brother, she was intelligent; but, like him, she was not fond of talking. He conversed freely when solicited, but never offered conversation. And when he did speak, there was something slightly formal,—it was not pedantic, but measured, as if he were translating his sentences from another language into his mother's tongue. Brother and sister were deeply attached to each other, but would no more think of expressing it than two roses, on the same stem, would make love in any way except by glowing in the same light, carrying the same dew, and shaking to the same wind.

Every night, when the tea things were removed, the curtain dropped, the fire trimmed (and he was especially fond of a fire of hickory wood, the almost only luxury that he would have, regardless of expense,) he took his book and she her work, and he would read aloud. Sometimes when exciting events were abroad, it would be a newspaper; at other times the magazine. But, whatever he read, she heard; and thus they kept along together, in the same house, with the same pleasures, and in the silent enjoyment of the same ideas. Sometimes he would pause in reading, and for a moment comment, or criticise, or unfold his knowledge—which was ample—upon some obscure point. But, usually, little was said, even in long pauses, both reflecting in silence.

There is something very wonderful in the fruitfulness of silence! Congenial natures may learn almost to forego speech, and yet maintain intimate sympathy and knowledge of each other. There grow up, insensibly, an instinct and an intuition in the eye, in the ear, and in every sense, which finely divide up and distribute the usual functions of a noisy tongue.

In the morning she knocked at his door and said, "Dwight, breakfast waits." They sat silent during the meal. After morning prayers he made his record of the weather, of which he was a well-instructed scribe, performed some light task in his study—for he still kept up a student's habits—and read his classic authors, pen in hand, making in his journal such criticisms as occurred; or pursued mathematical studies, of which he had always been even more fond than of the languages. The dinner came every day at the good old hour of twelve, and passed silently. The afternoon was given to his garden and yard in summer, and to various quiet exercises, walks and errands in winter. The evening was for home and reading. There was no Sunday there. Every day was Sunday.

Except a slight difference on washing and ironing days, you might call every day of the week a Sabbath, so alike were they—all silent, meditative, and tranquil. Twice as much was going on up in the great elm trees which overshadowed the dwelling as within the house. Twice as much noise and racket did birds and crickets make in the garden, in summer, as ever was heard within the mansion. Their lives were as nearly spiritual as can be conceived. It is true that both of them had bodies, but they were subordinated to the mind's uses so utterly that they seemed to dry up and turn white, as if they despaired of their rights as fleshly bodies and were getting ready to take on a spiritual state, in sheer despair.

"Come in, Barton! sit down. What brings you to town so late? No ill news, I trust?"

"Nothing, but some business with you, is the matter. I wanted to talk with you—about surveying—and about going to college."

"Why, Barton, are you going to leave the farm? I thought you were to be the great farmer of this neighborhood? What will your father say?"

"He is willing—at any rate, he has given consent."

"What put it into your head? The last time I talked with you, you were bent upon husbandry. It was to be a stock-farm,—grass, grain, cattle,—the finest grass, the plumpest grain,—the choicest stock,—mountain pastures,—great barns! All these are fled? Some new ambition?"

Barton did not acknowledge to himself the germ and spring of all these plans. He, perhaps, would have honestly denied their origin. So subtle are the influences that begin afar off to act upon us, that the condition and direction of our feelings are changed before we notice that we are acted upon. Only the last stages of mental processes, and especially emotive changes, become obvious. Many men see the growth of trees only when leaves are unfolded; but some notice the swelling of the bud. Yet more sensitive observers, before a bud swells, know by the purpling of the twigs and branches that a change has begun. But long before the ruddy color came, there was a stir within, and the march from winter to summer had begun. Barton knew that his plans of life were changed; but he did not go back to the real beginning to notice the silent impression made by Rose; nor did he even admit himself that Rose had any important influence upon his life or thoughts. That she was his sister Alice's very twin sister, as it were, he knew, and he called her *his* sister too.

Sister! sister!—that is a sweet word, but exceedingly mischievous, too, in the realm of love! It is a word for devout enthusiasm, for unselfish love, for unblushing friendship, for faithfulness and honest intimacy, for friendship without passion, for love without sultry ardors. Brother and sister! That is the most simple and beautiful confluence of the sexes!

But that word *sister* is the covered way of love! It is the mask which bashfulness wears before it gains boldness enough to say love. It is a gentle hypocrisy, under which souls consent to remain and dream, in hope by-and-by of a rapturous waking! It is the half-way house between friendship and ardent affection. It is a neutral ground, on which men and women agree to commit no offensive action, and where both parties make haste to break the agreement. Under the names brother and sister how fast intimacies grow! What bold words are spoken! What deep glances are exchanged! Love is war. The friendship of a brother and sister, unrelated, is a truce, in which both parties are secretly preparing for the onset and victory.

First comes acquaintance—that is May; then friendship—that is June; then brother and sisterhood—that is July; and then love, which is August; but July and August are so much alike that no one can tell when one stops and the other begins!

Barton unfolded to Mr. Edwards, briefly, his ambition to surprise his father, and received from him suitable information, the loan of necessary books, the invitation to come once or twice a week for recitation, and the promise that, as soon as the season opened, Mr. Edwards would go out with him and give him practical lessons in the field.

The next Sunday found Barton, during the intermission of service, as usual, at Dr. Wentworth's. Nothing of his week's work did he speak. He had a natural delicacy of pride, and seldom spoke of himself—never of his inward feelings, save to his mother.

Rose did not question him. She walked with him into the green-house and stood among the plants, speaking of common things.

She instinctively knew that something had happened to Barton. His way was different. His carriage was different. She merely noticed it, and did not inquire or even reflect upon it. Yet Barton knew that she knew something ailed him, for she unconsciously looked at him with that gaze of her father's, as if she saw something opening up before her in his own heart. It was her rare sensitiveness to truth, which was peculiarly displayed toward Nature, but was as real, though less manifested, toward society, that gave to Rose an almost unerring insight of peoples' dispositions.

By her original constitution Rose was exquisitely susceptible of impressions, and her father's training had educated this tendency, so that she saw infinitely more, in looking upon the same things, than others did; heard and discriminated far more of the memorable sounds which fill the day, than did her companions. This world is not the same world to any two persons in it. But between the lowest human organization and the highest, the difference is so wide, that the world which each sees would not be recognized by the other. The thermometer and barometer are the perpetual witness of men's coarse and insensitive natures. They say to us every hour, "See what world-affecting changes are going on, which you are not fine enough to notice, but which we feel and indicate."

But the sphere of effects not perceived, in human life, is even greater than in the natural world. Every feeling which rises in the soul has its own signal in the body. If our eyes were fine enough, if our minds were sensitive enough, we should see the face and carriage of men going through endless variations, as the soul moves through all its affluent moods. Now we see only the extreme manifestations. Fear, rage, hate, love, mirth, are discernible at their full tides. Finer natures perceive their remote conditions, their subtle influences; but it is a feeling, a mere blind consciousness of change, or difference, rather than a defined perception.

Rose had to a singular degree this fine and ineffable sympathy with matter and with mind. She had it without being conscious of it. She was not aware that she lived far deeper into life than others did. Of all things that lived about her, herself was almost the only one which she did not take cognizance of.

She judged that Barton had something to say to her, and so she had naturally gone to the green-house. He said nothing to her, except of the plants, of the decline of the season, and so she felt that it was something not to be told. To know that one has a secret is to know half the secret itself.

When the afternoon service was done, Mr. Edwards walked on with Rose and her father and mother, on the way to his own house beyond.

"And so 'Biah Cathcart is going to send his son to college."

"Ah," said the Doctor, "that is something new. When did you hear it?"

"Barton came to see me last week. He is to come to the academy the next term, and thinks that in two years he can enter Amherst."

"Well, well, these boys run away with their fathers' plans, as kittens do with a knitter's ball of yarn—roll it all over the room and snarl it terribly!"

And so Rose now perceived what was the thing which she had felt—Barton was to go to college. She was glad. He would be a scholar, for he always did conscientiously and well whatever he did. And he would be distinguished. Would he be a lawyer? Would he ever rise to public honors? Would he preach? Would he choose the fields of science? The dim and misty future lay before her as a horizon on which shapeless clouds took and lost form at the same moment. Of one feeling she was sure—she was glad for Barton. Her soul prophesied for him a noble life, and she was happy.

From the hour of his decision, Barton was consciously changed. A new life had opened. All things stood out in new relations. He was even more industrious and thorough in his daily work on the farm.

"I should not wonder, Rachel," said his father, "if Barton was sorry for his choice; now that he comes to think of leaving it, he likes the farm better than he knew. He clings to his work as if he was sorry that he must leave it."

Rachel's sympathy interpreted Barton more accurately. She knew how a highly conscientious nature would fear the not doing well, that which it was no longer doing for the love of it; and that the fear of slighting work, which one was consciously falling from, would redouble caution and endeavor.

"I don't think Barton is tired of work or that he would be sorry to stay; but I think he is glad to go. And since he is going to leave, he naturally is anxious lest he should slight anything. Folks always take the most pains about the things that they are in danger of neglecting."

"That may be so of honest people, but not of the shiftless and lazy."

But there was something more which neither recognized. Barton was proud as well as faithful. There was a reason in himself which he felt, but never analyzed or understood, why he did faithfully what he did at all. There is a peculiar effect in self-esteem to impart a sense of one's own personality to whatever one touches, owns, or does. Barton's planning was for the time a part of his own self. His work was himself. Self-respect included not his mind and person alone, but whatever his person concerned itself about. And to slight his work was to slight himself.

And we should likewise add, what so many know, that he who has once learned to work with thoughtful interest and genuine ambition on a farm will never lose the enthusiasm. Every year men high in professional places—artists, judges, clergymen, senators, teachers—go back in vacation to the old homestead, and feel the old inspiration of Work. They swing the flail, they follow the plow, they swing the scythe, or axe, with enthusiasm, and often with secret wishes that they had never forsaken them; at any rate, with a half-purpose of retiring from crowded ways and feverish pursuits to the calm and wholesome joys of husbandry.

All hail Work! Man lost Paradise by the temptations that beset indolence. He will regain it again by those wholesome qualities which are the fruit of intelligent work! The curse, "thou shalt earn thy bread in the sweat of thy brow," was not a curse on work, but on *drudgery*. It is time that the curse on the ground should be worked out. There has been sweat enough to wash it clean. There have tears enough fallen down to make the earth sweet. Work shall beautify it. Work shall drive out Drudgery and bring in Leisure, and then men shall eat their bread under cool shadows with unsweated brows!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

FARMING AND LOVE-MAKING.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

"Now, Susy!"

"Don't bother, Burt, I'm busy. Don't you see?"

"You mostly are busy when *I* come, these times."

It was a pretty, western dairy; deep-set among cool shadows, with a spring gurgling over the stones in the back part, and a wild vine drooping early verdure above the door-way. Susy, the dairy-maid, was a round, lithe little creature, with lips and cheeks of the reddest, and tongue and movement the swiftest, that ever bewildered or mocked a man in love.

She only tossed her head at what Burt said, and continued her coquettish trifling among the pans of milk, industriously altering their position to no purpose, for everything was done that needed doing some time before.

Presently she said pertly, but with an arch, sidewise glance that Burt ought to have caught, but did not:

"Burt Andrews, you are the plague of my life; there."

Burt's handsome eyes darkened and he bit his lips.

"It's no news to *me*, anyway," he muttered under his breath.

Susy heard but gave no sign, making the round of the dairy again. She stood stirring the contents of the cream-jar a full minute before she asked, with a rather absorbed air:

"What did you say, Burt?"

"I said, what you can't deny is the truth, Susy Freeman—that you wasn't telling me any news. I've been the plague of your life, ever since Corneil Lambert began to come here. I just wanted you should say it yourself, that's all."

Susy laughed, "Oh!" with a most provoking intonation. Burt turned upon his heel, with a smothered exclamation; but a little, soft touch fell upon his arm, as he hesitated in the door-way, and Susy said, with a look of mingled coaxing and reproach:

"Aint you ashamed of yourself?"

The young man colored vividly, but he did not trust himself to more than glance at the arch, upturned face, as he said, coldly:

"I reckon I ought to be, if you say so; but I *should* like to know what it's for."

The girl pouted at the tone, and averted face, and then putting a corner of her apron to her eyes, began in a quavering voice:

"For being so cro-cross. You said, only last week, you nev—nev——"

Burt interrupted her eagerly.

"Was I cross?" trying to see behind the apron screen, and suspicious of a hoax. (Susy was always hoaxing the honest, warm-hearted fellow.) "I reckon I must have been; but I just wish you'd tell me, if it aint enough to make any fellow cross—to dangle round a girl as long as I have round you, and nobody objecting, and things going all smooth, till a sprucer chap came along, with nothing but his looks to recommend him, and——you know it's so, you little hypocrite! I didn't believe you were crying any of the time," he added, abruptly, as Susy's face suddenly emerged from its hiding, with saucy dimples dancing all over it.

Susy said "Humph" rather expressively, as she smoothed the wrinkles from her creased apron.

Burt ran his fingers through his dark locks, and shifted his position from one foot to the other with a chafed and fretted look. He was so in earnest himself, and of late Susy always laughed at him.

He made one more effort to arrive at an understanding—rather a reckless one, and one that made the pretty girl opposite him stop laughing, and grow red and white in a breath.

"If I didn't believe that at the bottom of your heart you love me the best after all, and if I thought Corneil Lambert was half good enough for you——"

Susy's changed looks arrested his speech midway.

"There, now, I've hurt your feelings, haven't I?" he exclaimed, in a fright.

One little foot was beating the door-stone impatiently.

"No, indeed; but I should like to know what ails Mr. Lambert?" she asked, haughtily. "I never heard anybody but you say a word against him."

"I have—plenty. But that's neither here nor there. I don't care what other folks say. I haven't said anything against him, and I don't mean to, only that he aint good enough for you. I wasn't going to say that, but it slipped out somehow, and now I'll stick to it."

Burt looked and spoke more despondently than eager or angry now. He was beginning to doubt the truth of that opinion he had hazarded a little before. Susy seemed to take up for that fellow so, just as if she thought the world of him.

"If Corneil Lambert aint good enough for me I'd like to know the reason," Susy said, with a look that was meant to be positive, but was only defiant.

Burt took the defiance; not in the most polite manner either.

"Now, Susy," he said, deprecatingly, "you know I've nothing against Cornell, unless it is his coming here. He's a nice-looking fellow, ahead of most of us that way, but everybody knows what work he made farming last year."

"You are all against poor Corneil Lambert," she said, hotly, "and you think he is nobody because he don't own ever so much land like you. But I like him for my part just as well without it as with it, and pa does too, and he promised Corneil only yesterday that if—if—I won't tell you what he promised."

Burt Andrews' face had grown white.

"No need," he said in an almost inaudible voice, "no need—I can guess; and I know your father's not the man to say that without he was going according to your mind. Good-bye. Oh, Susy, I hope you'll be happy!"

He was gone before Susy could recover from the speechlessness that had suddenly struck her.

"I don't care," she said, but looking ruefully after him; "he needn't have been so sure that I liked him better than I did anybody else in the world."

Burt Andrews tried hard to walk down the path to where his horse stood waiting for him, as though nothing had happened. The proud young farmer had no desire to expose his trouble to the half dozen stout "Freeman boys" who lounged upon the grass and fence near the gate, resting after a hard day's work, and cracking their jokes at each other. One of them called to him. Burt was a great favorite with them, and when he strode swiftly by them with only a brief word and a forced laugh, the one who had spoken jumped down from his perch on the topmost rail and followed him, making some jesting remark on his unusual grumness. Burt succeeded in replying with some degree of composure, and even cheerfulness, till the sound of light wheels broke upon his ear, and looking across the neck of his horse he saw Corneil Lambert driving up to the gate of the farm-house, his steed most daintily stepping, his carriage ashine with the newness of the paint and varnish upon it, and himself an embodiment of linen, broadcloth and necktie, that offered a decided contrast to the work-day rig of the "Freeman boys" and Burt Andrews.

At sight of Burt his look brightened, and springing out and scarcely waiting to secure his horse, he came eagerly toward him, just as Jack Freeman had said in a low voice:

"Another fandango at Milford, I'll bet. Wonder if Sue knew he was coming."

Corneil came forward with outstretched hand, his face beaming. He was a slight, rather effeminate looking young man, with considerably less bronze on his cheek than the others, and a mild, somewhat wistfully expressioned eye.

"I'm glad to have met you, Andrews," he said, too full of something he wanted to say to notice the cool greeting poor Burt could not for his life help extending him. "I'm told you have a farm you want to let out on shares."

Burt shook with inward indignation; it was likely *he* would let a farm to Corneil Lambert, if he had forty at his disposal. He merely nodded in reply, and Corneil went on brightly:

"It isn't rented then? Well, just consider it a bargain, will you, Andrews? I'll give you as good an offer as any one, and I want the farm. Is it settled?" looking toward the house and making a movement in that direction.

Burt Andrews flung himself into the saddle as he said sharply:

"Not by considerable. My farm wouldn't suit you, Mr. Lambert, at all," and shaking his bridle loose, he rode swiftly away, calling back good-night as he went.

Lambert looked after him with a discontented frown.

"That's the way with them all, Freeman," he said, "this makes up the half-dozen that have given me the cold shoulder. What's the reason they won't any of them rent me their farms?"

Jack Freeman laughed awkwardly, and even Corneil could not help understanding the meaning of the look the young man cast half furtively at his gloved hands and general "get up."

"I'd like to know if a farmer can't be fine as well as other people," he exclaimed, hotly.

"Of course," Jack said, with a shrug, "if he chooses, but it's apt to be at the expense of his crops."

"I would try Andrews again if I were you. He's a clever fellow if you get on the right side of him."

"Do you think so?" exclaimed Corneil, eagerly, adding, confidentially,—"If I can't get round Andrews, I shall give up. I haven't got so much courage as I pretend now, and they're all down on me so. The fact is, luck was against me last year."

"Besides your being against luck," said blunt Jack.

Corneil grew red again, but cooled in a minute.

"Well—yes," he said, hesitatingly. "I don't know but I was. I should like the chance to try again, though, and show folks what I can do when I try. I could have gone away and got a farm easy enough, but I wasn't going to give up so, and then——"

He colored like a girl, and with a bashful glance toward the house, and a forced laugh, turned to greet the others who had by this time joined them.

Jack caught the blush and the glance, and looked vexed.

"I can't help feeling kind of pitiful to Corneil," he said to himself; "but if he's after our Sue, I don't blame Burt a grain."

Burt Andrews was one of the richest farmers in all that western country. His father had "taken up" acres and acres of "wild" land years before, at the government price, and of course it had increased enormously in value by this time.

Burt's father was dead, but his mother was living, and kept house for him in the same odd, old-fashioned, well-repaired domicile they had lived in ever since Burt could remember.

There was a new house building just beyond the locust grove, but Burt had taken very little interest in its progress of late, and as he rode home that night, his heart heavy about Susy, he scarcely glanced at it.

He was not in any more cheerful frame of mind as he sat, the following evening, in the low doorway of his mother's kitchen, and looked across at the unfinished building, every timber of which was consecrated to Susy; for the two had almost grown up together, and until Corneil Lambert came, Burt expected to marry her some day as surely as he expected to finish the new house she was, in his fond imagining, to reign over.

"Good evening, Mr. Andrews. I thought I'd come round and have another talk about that farm of yours."

Burt lifted his head with an unpleasant thrill at sound of the voice. Corneil had come across the grass, and he had not heard his step.

He greeted him cordially enough. Burt was too genuinely Western to be anything but cordial to a guest.

Corneil Lambert, in spite of his light tone, had a pressed and anxious look. He had come there resolved to spare no effort to "get on the right side of this clever fellow." He came near spoiling all at the beginning; for, with the confidence most people have in the eloquence of their own peculiar strait, he told Burt, in so many words, that his hopes of winning the girl he loved depended on his getting this farm.

He was not prepared for the angry change that came over Burt's countenance. Burt had always, in his honest reliance upon Susy's love, given so small sign of jealousy or uneasiness at his attentions to Susy, and Susy herself had coquetted so freely, that really Corneil Lambert looked upon Burt Andrews as a sort of half brother to her.

A glimmering of the truth came to him now, for the first time, and he started up suddenly, with an utterly confused manner.

"I didn't know—as true as I stand here, Burt Andrews, I didn't know!" he stammered. "Of course you won't give me the farm now. I should be a fool to ask it, and—and I'm sorry as can be that I blundered so. Good night. You won't shake hands? Well, I don't blame you."

Burt Andrews' eye followed his retreating figure with an incredulous but still angry expression; but as Corneil reached the gate, an electric change passed over his face, and he sprang after him with hasty strides.

"Wait a minute, Lambert," he called eagerly, "I want to speak to you."

Corneil stopped, and the face he turned toward Burt was too despondent for even his surprise to lift the cloud upon it."

"You must think me a mighty mean-spirited fellow," Burt exclaimed. "Come back to the house, and we'll have a talk about that farm. You shall have it, if we can agree."

It was Corneil's turn to look incredulous.

"You don't mean it?"

"Burt Andrews always means what he says," said Burt, firmly, leading the way back to the house, and Corneil following, wondering.

Burt went at the business as he would with any other man; stated his terms in a clear, rapid manner, Corneil not objecting to an item; and agreed to have the papers drawn next day.

Corneil listened in a sort of stupor. When Burt ceased speaking, he got up from his chair, as if to go, and sat down again, trembling.

"You don't know how discouraged I was, Burt Andrews," he stammered presently. "I was going away from here to-morrow if you hadn't done me this turn."

Burt was sensible of a twinge at the thought of how near he had come to losing his rival.

"I've kept up a good outside," Corneil went on, "but I've been worried enough inside. You see, I've got some debts vexing me, and they wouldn't have waited a week longer, if I wasn't for this farm. I shall have a chance to get even with the world again now and to show these folks 'round here that I'm not the shiftless fellow they take me for. You may think I don't value the chance. I dare say you do. But I do value it so much that I don't know how to thank you for it. I can only say, I'll try to deserve your confidence and—and your—your kindness. I will, Burt Andrews."

Corneil was so grateful now he had got started that Burt could scarcely silence him, and the poor, sore-hearted fellow felt little enough like listening. The pleasant glow he had experienced in his consciousness of performing a noble action was already giving place to the pain it cost him to realize how little stood now between Corneil and Susy. He could well conjecture that Susy's father had made his consent to the match conditional upon Corneil's farming to more purpose than he had the year before, and he had helped him to an opportunity to do so,—which he firmly believed he would not have got otherwise. Was he sorry? He would have done the same again, at all events. But, then, *Susy!*

Corneil Lambert rode away homeward much lighter-hearted than he had come.

At a point where the fenced road emerged upon the prairie, he came in sight of the Freeman farm.

"Susy would be glad to hear I've got a farm at last," he said, hesitatingly. "She takes such an interest in my affairs, and I don't believe if it was left to her but that she'd have me to-morrow. It would be enough pleasanter and cheaper too to have housekeeper and wife all in one!"

He turned and rode swiftly across the prairie, too impatient to follow the road, though his horse stumbled alarmingly among the gopher hills that dotted the way thickly.

"Susy has her own way mostly, I know, and I could sell that horse and carriage of mine for something; of course Freeman would give his only girl a handsome setting out!"

His musings came to a sudden end, and his air castles to ignominious destruction, almost in a breath. His horse losing his footing among those little hillocks, Corneil was thrown over his head, and his arm broken in two places.

Fortunately he was but a few steps from the farm-house, and managed to make his way thither.

As it happened, Susy was the first one he met, and she condoled with him so eloquently, that poor Corneil, whose heart was full, poured the whole story into her ear in one quick, stormy outburst.

"Burt Andrews had agreed to let me have his farm, Susy, and I was coming to ask you to marry me. I sha'n't be able to put hand to plough now till it's too late, so all that is knocked in the head."

Susy had known all along that her showy beau was not very "brilliant," as she called it; but she was rather unprepared for such a speech as [illegible]. He was worse than Burt, who, having petted and been good to her all his life, had some excuse for assuming that she liked him better than others.

"I wouldn't mind, Mr. Lambert, if I was you," she said, bridling. "If you hadn't broken your arm, your plans might have failed from some other cause. For instance—you mustn't mind my telling you—I shouldn't have married you if you had asked me fifty times."

And angrier at him than she had been at Burt, she ran away and sent one of her brothers to take care of him.

"I don't see how Burt could promise him that farm, if he cares anything about me," she thought as she ran up stairs.

It was a shock to Corneil; but under the combined stimulus of wounded pride and physical pain he contrived to bear it.

The Freeman boys were kind, and one of them went to town at once after a doctor.

Susy, meanwhile, shut herself obstinately into her own chamber, and made her appearance the following morning looking very much as if she had passed a sleepless night.

Corneil went away in the course of a day or two, with his arm in a sling, and had the generosity to call upon Burt and tell him what Susy Freeman had said to him.

Burt still stayed at home, however. He had taken Susy's rebuff too seriously to be easily reassured, and he was, perhaps, a little indignant, too, at such requital of his long devotion.

In vain the Freeman boys enticed him by coaxing and entreaty. He had always some fair excuse, but he did not come near them for a whole month.

Susy missed him, and Jack never met her eye when Burt's name was mentioned without looking volumes of significant reproach.

"I'd like to know what you mean by looking at me that way?" she asked, pettishly, one day.

"Oh, nothing," said Jack, "only you've lost the best fellow in Knox County."

"I haven't. He'd come back to-morrow if I said the word."

Jack looked incredulous. Susy stole an arm around his neck suddenly and whispered:

"Dear Jack, won't you take me over there this evening? I've got the nicest jar of apple butter I want to take to Mother Andrews. I don't believe any of her's kept over."

Jack began to laugh; but Susy crying out that if he plagued her she wouldn't go a step, he desisted in alarm, and, like a good brother, took her to Mother Andrews' that evening.

Both the apple-butter and Susy found a cordial welcome. Susy was very stiff and proper, and scarcely spoke to Burt except in monosyllables, for fear he should think she came there to see him, and Burt tried his best to seem as though he didn't think so. Perhaps he didn't, but he went over to the Freeman's the next evening, and he got a chance to say to somebody:

"Now, Susy, I want to know for good and all whether you do like me or not?"

"Well, y-e-s—a little," condescended Susy.

"Not a great deal? Not enough to marry me this fall?" speaking sternly as she had never heard him before.

"Oh, dear," she began, in the old provoking way, but beginning to tremble and then pulling her hand away. "You know I *do*—there!"

She ran out of the room.

She came back the next moment to say, without looking at him:

"Pa only promised Corneil Lambert, *if I was willing*, and he knew I wouldn't be. You might have known it too, I should think."

He caught her as she was running away this time, and—well—they came to a definite understanding in the course of the next ten minutes, and they were married in the fall.

—The mind is depraved by the society of the low; it riseth to equality with equals; and to distinction with the distinguished.

SHIP NEWS.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

"Ho, Mr. Editor, stay your pen!
I've sorry news to tell,
How all in the blinding storm and dark,
The good ship Ocean Belle,
With twice one hundred souls and more,
Went down last night off Long Island shore.

"Westward bound just three weeks ago,
Three weeks ago to-day,
When the sky shone fair and the wind blew light,
She steered out of Dublin bay;
With a captain aboard of as right a sort
As ever voyaged betwixt port and port.

"What kind of weather, if foul or fair,
The gallant ship befell,
Till she met the gale on our coast last night,
No living soul may tell,
Of all who sailed out of Dublin bay
In the Ocean Belle three weeks to-day.

"A wilder storm has been seldom known
Than that of yesternight,
And the coast for many a barren mile
With the breakers' foam was white;
And not a boat, were it ever so staunch,
In that boiling sea could we wreckers launch.

"Even less than this I might have to tell
Of the storm of yesternight,
But for pieces of wreck that came to land
At early morning light;
And the corpse of a sailor lad that lay
On the cold, wet rocks at the break of day.

"Some mother's darling the poor boy was,
Perhaps her only one,
From a letter hidden in his breast
From a mother to her son;
And the name of the lad, as I took it down,
In my rough handwriting, was Walter Brown.

"Good Mr. Editor, pause awhile,
And listen, I pray to me!
Oh, know you aught, if only a word,
Of a ship that sails the sea?
For I have aboard of her a son,
A noble lad, and my only one.

"Westward bound just three weeks ago,
Three weeks ago to-day,
She was to sail, so my poor boy wrote,
From out of Dublin bay;
And if all things favored the voyage, she ought
Five days ago to have entered port.

"All last night until morn to-day,
While I lay in bed awake,
I heard the wind as it howled outside,
And I heard the windows shake;
And all last night 'gainst the streaming pane
Beat loud and constant the chilly rain.

"Then speak, if it only be one word,
I pray you in pity tell,
So you know aught in the world, kind sir,
Of the good ship Ocean Belle;
And Walter Brown, who three weeks to-day,
Sailed for this port out of Dublin bay."

* * *

TURNING THE TABLES.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Breakfast had just been cleared away, and the little sitting-room was very bright and cheerful in the yellow flood of the April sunshine. There were pots of purple-blossomed violets in the window seat, and a blue-ribboned guitar lying on the sofa, and books piled on the table, and close by the fire Mrs. Haven had seated herself with her desk to write some letters.

She was a trim, compact little woman, with bright brown hair, and eyes to match, and a resolute mouth that somehow carried out the expression of a nose that our French neighbors phrase "*retroussé*." Mary Haven had character—that you might see at one glance.

As she sat there, selecting her pen, and un- [illegible] inkstand, [illegible] face appeared.

"Mrs. Haven, mem, if you please."

"Yes," said Mary Haven, descrying at once by the infallible barometer of a woman's ear the rising thunderstorm in the domestic atmosphere. "What is it, cook?"

"It's not that you're not a kind mistress, mem," said Cook, twisting the hem of her checked apron, "and the wages is good, not to say, company is allowed once a week and Sunday evenings always out, but there are some things flesh and blood can't stand, no more they can't, mem, and I haint no patience with sich doings; and if you please to suit yourself, mem, at a month's warnin'——"

"Why, cook, what is the matter?"

"Some can abide meddlin' with, mem, and some can't—and if the barrel o' mackerel sets on the wrong corner, and the sugar-boxes aint kept covered proper, it's the mistress should tell me of it, and not the master, and if Mr. Haven wants to be cook, mem, well and good, but *I* won't stay in the same kitchen!"

And Cook flounced out, maltreating her apron shockingly, having said her say.

Mrs. Haven flushed scarlet. She rose and went down stairs to the cellar, where her husband, minus his coat, was endeavoring to move a huge washing machine.

"You see, Bridget," he called out, "this is the worst possible place the thing could stand in, and—why, Mary, is it you?"

"Yes, it is I," said Mrs. Haven, "I thought you had gone to your office, Henry."

"I'm going presently," said Mr. Haven, "but you see, Mary, everything down here is at sixes and sevens. It's well I come down occasionally. Cook has no more economy than a wild savage, and Bridget puts everything precisely where it shouldn't be. My dear, have you looked over the grocer's bill for the month?"

"No, I haven't," said Mrs. Haven.

"Well, it's quite alarming. There must be a leak somewhere,—and that reminds me—the molasses keg is dripping at the rate of half a pint a day."

Bridget and Cook stood by, murmuring dark discontent. Mrs. Haven was more annoyed than she cared to express.

"I will see to it," she said.

"But you *don't* see to it, my dear! I found a box of stale eggs on the top shelf—eggs, my dear, that are completely wasted—when eggs are five cents apiece!"

Mrs. Haven turned and went up-stairs again with a round red spot glowing on either cheek,—signal pennons of the disturbance within. Mrs. Haven was not a faultless angel, any more than other women are, and she was very much out of temper, as she walked up and down the room, with her hands behind her, and the brown eyes glittering with an ominous sparkle.

"Mary, have you seen my memorandum book?" asked her husband, presently, as he entered, pulling on his gloves.

"No, I have not. Probably you will find it on the pantry shelf, or under Bridget's washing machine," answered Mary, shortly.

"Now, puss, you are out of temper," said Mr. Haven, good-humoredly, "and how very unreasonable that is of you!"

"Henry," said Mrs. Haven, laying one hand appealingly on his shoulder, and looking up into his face, "you don't know how it mortifies and annoys me to have you interfere in my domestic affairs."

"Aren't we a firm, Henry Haven and Wife?" he asked, coolly, "and are not our interests identical?"

"Yes; but Henry Haven has his department, and Wife ought to have hers."

"That's all nonsense, my love."

"Henry, will you oblige me by leaving these domestic concerns to my own management?"

"I would do much to oblige you, my dear Mary, but I shall not concede that point," he said, as he took his departure, leaving Mrs. Haven indignant and meditative.

Bridget's voice broke with Celtic accent upon her reverie.

"Please, ma'am, I found this little black book behind the flour barrel."

"Thank you, Bridget; it is Mr. Haven's."

She glanced mechanically at its pages as Bridget disappeared. The column devoted to that day was full of closely written memoranda.

"See Kartwyn & Daley about the house in 12th street—not to let them have it under $1200. Call at McAlister's and order the green oil-cloth instead of buff for the office floor. Tell Martin to proceed directly with suit in Russell vs. Russell. Remind clerk not to settle tailor's bill—alteration to be made first. Go halves with Jordan in lot opposite Central Park——" And thus indefinitely.

Mary Haven had read the words without much interest at first, but presently her eyes brightened, and a roguish soupçon of a smile began to tremble around her resolute lips.

"I am very glad I found this memorandum book," she thought. "Let me see,—Harry told me he was going to Brooklyn in the morning; there will be plenty of time."

She glanced at her watch and then rang the bell.

"Bridget, will you step around the corner and tell them to send a carriage for me immediately?"

Her bonnet and shawl were on long before the vehicle arrived, and she employed the surplus time in jotting down various addresses from the Directory.

When at length the carriage arrived, she took her seat with the self-possession of a queen.

"Drive to Kartwyn & Daley's, No. —, — st.."

Mr. Kartwyn came to his office door, a dried-up little lawyer, much astonished at the unexpected apparition of a pretty woman in a carriage!

"Good morning, Mr. Kartwyn," said Mary, calmly. "I am Mrs. Haven. I called to let you know that you could have the house in 12th street for a thousand dollars a year. I suppose you are aware that the property belongs to me!"

Mr. Kartwyn bowed low, delighted at the "bargain" he was about to secure.

"And now drive to McAlister's carpet store," said Mrs. Haven.

She walked in with cool self-possession.

"Mr. Haven has concluded to take the buff oil-cloth," she said.

Mr. McAlister stared but he entered the order in his books.

"I will send it round immediately, ma'am."

"Now for the tailor," thought Mary.

"Snip and Scissors" had an elegant establishment on a side street, just out of Broadway. Mary calmly walked up to the counter.

"Mr. Haven's bill, réceipted, if you please."

The tailor presents the document, which was promptly paid.

"Where now, ma'am?" said the driver.

"Mr. Jordan's Real Estate Agency, opposite —— street."

"Ah, Mrs. Haven, is it you?" said the agent, cheerfully. "What can I do to serve you this morning?"

"Nothing, thanks," said Mary, graciously. "I came round to tell you that my husband has thought better of the Central Park lot. He will not take half."

"All right," said Jordan. "Smythe and Parker are only waiting for the chance. I'll let 'em know immediately."

"I don't think I have done *quite* mischief enough," said Mrs. Haven to herself. "I'll go down to the office now, and turn the stove round, and have Jack re-arrang[illegible] the law-books!"

So the carriage left Mrs. Haven at her husband's office in a narrow, down-town street.

About one hour subsequently, Mr. Haven sauntered into the establishment of Kartwyn & Daley.

"About that Twelfth street lease, Mr. Kartwyn?"

"Yes, sir," said the lawyer, rubbing his hands. "A thousand dollars is a very fair price, sir. I don't at all object to giving it."

"Who the deuce is talking about a thousand dollars?" demanded the puzzled Haven. "I don't mean to let you have it a cent short of fifteen hundred!"

The lawyer looked amazed.

"Mrs. Haven was here this morning, and told me it was *her* property, and I could have it for a thousand dollars!"

"Mrs. Haven!" echoed the astounded husband. "But really you know this is quite unbusiness-like!"

"I don't know whether it is or not," returned the lawyer, stiffly. "I only know that Mrs. Haven spoke before witnesses, and that the property is undeniably hers!"

Mr. Haven retreated from the field, vanquished, but chafing.

At the door of the carpet-store McAlister met him.

"It's all right, sir; the oil-cloth is half down by this time!"

"Which oil-cloth?"

"The buff pattern, sir; cheap goods. Mrs. Haven was here and ordered it some time since!"

"The—mischief she did!"

"I hope there is no mistake, sir?" asked the dealer, anxiously.

"N—no," returned honest Henry, disconsolately; adding to himself as he turned away: "What has got into Mary? is she crazed?"

All things considered, it was not strange that Mr. Haven was in no very amiable humor by the time he reached the sanctum of Snip & Scissors.

"I'd like to know what you mean by sending home such garments?" he demanded, imperiously. "I won't wear 'em, unless they are made over completely—nor will I pay the bill!"

"Sir?" demanded the surprised tailor, "you are aware that our rule is, no alterations after the bill is settled!"

"Very well—your bill isn't settled, and it won't be, either, in a hurry!"

"Mrs. Haven paid it, sir, this morning," said the surprised tailor, referring to his books.

Mrs. Haven! How the uncalled for interference of "Mrs. Haven" stared him in the face at every step. Of course there was no remonstrance to be made, however, and the discomfited husband left the establishment.

"I'll stop in at Jordan's any way," he thought, "and secure that lot; it will be a capital speculation!"

Mr. Jordan was standing whistling in front of his grate, with both hands in his pocket. He looked up as Henry Haven entered.

"Well, old fellow?"

"Suppose we close up the business about that Central Park lot," said Haven, carelessly. "I don't think I can do better."

"Your decision comes rather late," said Jordan, shrugging his shoulders. "I signed over to Smith & Parker half an hour ago!"

"And by whose authority?"

Mr. Haven's brow was darkening.

"Mrs. Haven's. She was here a little while since, and told me you would not take the half-lot!"

Mr. Haven bit his lip; this was really growing a little too provoking. He left the real-estate office abruptly, and went directly down to his own place.

But had he not been pretty tolerably certain of the number, he would not have recognized the rooms. Two men were on their knees, diligently hammering down the hated buff oil-cloth. Jack, the office boy, had turned the stove round, so that it's iron elbow projected into your face, very much as if it would have said, "Take my arm!" And Mrs. Haven sat at his desk, sorting and arranging papers with industry worthy of a more legitimate cause.

"Mary!"

Mrs. Haven looked quietly up.

"Yes, my dear; Jones *vs.* Brown! *he* belongs on the left hand pile. Really, Henry, the confusion of your papers is quite appalling!"

"Confusion, madam? I tell you they are in the most perfect order or, rather, they *were* before you got hold of them. Where are my law-books?"

"Oh, I put them in the closet, the bindings were so dingy, and the Directories and Handbooks looked so much brighter!"

"Mary, are you crazy? It is scarcely becoming for a woman thus to usurp her husband's place!"

"We are a firm, my dear; at least so you told me this morning—Henry Haven & Wife—and therefore our interests are identical!"

"Yes, but ——"

"Consequently," went on Mary, mimicking her husband's rather pompous voice of the morning, "I shall beg the privilege of interfering whenever I deem it advisable!

Mr. Haven looked frowningly at his wife, but the wrinkles vanished out of his forehead at the smiling sunshine of Mary's eyes.

"My dear," said he, "it is rather late to transact any more business to-day. Shall we walk up home together?"

And Mr. Haven must have left his "interference" principles at the office, for Mary never saw any more of them. Neither husband nor wife ever alluded to the subject again, but Mr. Haven was cured of his own bad habit. Mary's single stratagem was worth a thousand remonstrances!

* * *

LIZZIE'S FORTUNE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Benjamin Hacket knew how to read and write, after a fashion. How he came by those accomplishments no one was quite sure. It was a mystery even to himself. Besides this, he knew all about a ship—not because he had studied navigation in any college whatever, but because, beginning as cabin boy, he had slowly fought his way up to the honorable post of captain—"Captain and owner," he was proud to say, "of the Betsy Hacket."

Betsy was his wife's name, and his wife had been a plump, good-natured sailor's daughter, who wore hoop-rings in her little brown ears, and was rather too fond of scarlet ribbons and blue-bead necklaces to be a model of gentility. When they were married she felt quite content with her little front room in a riverward street, and, indeed, was more than satisfied with the glories which two green *papier maché* parrots and a bunch of white coral, to say nothing of a *live* parrot in a pewter cage, and a tea tray, straight from China, with a Chinese lady in out-of-door costume upon it, lent the establishment. But that was when Benjamin Hacket was "before the mast;" and she had left him long ago, and Captain Hacket's daughter had other notions.

They lived in another quarter of the city now, and in their parlor were ornaments which put the parrots to the blush, and Betsy's daughter called herself Elizabeth, and had no notion of being less fashionable than her neighbors; and people said Captain Hacket was immensely rich, would leave his daughter an heiress of the first magnitude when he left the world at all.

Pretty, and an heiress, she had plenty who called themselves friends, of course. She was a belle in the circle to which her wealth had introduced her, and, perhaps, her head was a little turned by the flattery she received. A good girl at heart, she was yet easily blinded by show and glitter, and very apt to judge people by their coats and the houses in which they dwelt, and, indeed, had dropped more than one good soul who, in the humbler days of her life, had not been held so lightly.

Moreover, she had grown to be not quite so well pleased when, following in her father's wake on his return from any voyage, she saw that handsome sunburnt mate of his, Tom Hadaway.

She had known Tom almost all her life, and once she had been very fond of him. She liked him still, and knew that he was manly and handsome and well educated. She knew, too, that wherever he went his first thought was to find some dainty gift for her on his home-coming.

Wonderfully carved fans, and ivory bracelets, and curious ear-rings, and mysterious work-boxes, and birds of rare plumage, and shells of delicate tints and beautiful shapes, had Tom Hadaway bestowed on her. And there had been a time when she had believed that her father's wish might come to pass, and Tom Hadaway become her husband; but with the elegant house in the fashionable square had arisen other ideas.

So, during one of her father's longest voyages, she permitted Melton Melton, Esq., who had, by slow degrees, become her beau ideal of manly perfection, to slip an engagement ring upon her slender finger, and gave him permission to "ask papa," in the most approved fashion.

Consequently, when Captain Hacket arrived, grand news awaited him—news that made him pucker his face and wrinkle his brows, and growl indignantly.

"Why didn't you ask *me* first?" said the captain. "*That* puppy! Lord love you! what do you women see in a fellow like that? They aint men according to my reckoning—only gals, in wrong clothes! *Him!*"

"He adores me, papa," said Elizabeth, melting into tears, "and I should *die* if you were cruel. Do consent, papa!"

"And how about Tom Hadaway?" asked the captain.

At this Lizzie curled her lip.

"It was not Tom's affair," she surmised.

"Tom loves you better than his life," said the captain. "I've as much as given him to understand that *I'll* make no objections. Why, if *I* was a girl, I'd have Tom Hadaway before any other fellow upon earth. I'd trust a daughter in that man's hands as I would a ship. As for *this* fellow, the only use you could make of him in the time of a storm would be to throw him overboard to lighten the ship; and, by the Lord Harry, his weight wouldn't make much difference. Poor Tom! Think it over now, Lizzie!"

But Lizzie was firm, and she was the captain's pet; and, though the old man gave his consent very reluctantly, still he gave it at last. And poor Tom Hadaway heard the news with a sad heart, and sailed away to sea again with the captain.

This time the captain's voyage was but a short one. He returned quite unexpectedly one day, with something unpleasant evidently upon his mind.

He made no explanation to his daughter at first, but sat with his hat on, in a very disconsolate mood.

"He was well enough," he said, when Lizzie asked him.

And, after this statement, he groaned and said:

"Poor lass!"

"Perhaps," thought Lizzie, "it was all about her engagement. Tom was such a favorite!"

She was so sure of this that she felt nervous about mentioning the fact that Melton Melton was anxious that she should "name the day;" but she did at last, and was surprised to receive for answer:

"The sooner the better, lass—the sooner the better. Yes, yes. I'll talk to the young fellow when he comes."

And so "the young fellow" arriving almost on the moment, the captain shook hands with him warmly enough, and they sat down together very amicably.

The weather was discussed, also other ordinary topics which are spoken of as a matter of course when people meet each other in morning calls; and then young Melton, who was one of that order of exquisites who cannot speak without as many gasps as are emitted by a dying dolphin, began to hint at the grand subject under consideration.

"Had Miss Lizzie—ah—ah—mentioned—ah—the object of, in fact, of this call—ah——?"

"I've heerd that you are anxious to be spliced as soon as possible, my lad," said the captain; "and I've just told Lizzie that, as things stand to-day, I don't care how soon the affair is settled. Sail into the harbor of matrimony in a week, if you like. I've got to leave home again, and I'd rather leave her under some one's care."

And the captain groaned.

"Ah!—your health—ah! life is very—ah!—uncertain!" said Melton Melton, Esq., with a thought of the reports of the captain's will at his heart. "A seafaring life—ah, rather—ah, dangerous!"

"My health is perfect," said the captain, "and your Jack is as safe at sea as on land, for that matter. But, you see, something has happened. I've been a precious fool, and gone and heaved anchor just when I'd no business to do it. I've sprung a leak in a gale, and a wreck has come of it. To tell the truth, plain enough for a marine to understand it, I've been speculating without knowing what I was about, and I've lost every penny I possessed. I'm as poor to-day as Job's turkey, and nat'rally I m glad to see Lizzie settled. For I shan't have a cent to give her, and I'm not young enough to make another fortune."

Here the captain arose.

"Settle the day between ye," he said, "I'll leave you together," and he rushed out of the room.

Lizzie sunk upon a sofa and burst into tears. Melton Melton, Esq., stood near her with a peculiar expression upon his face.

"It's very distressing," he said. "'Pon my word, I sympathize with you. I—ah—I couldn't trouble you to talk about that little matter at so distressing a moment. I am—I believe delicacy requires me to an—depart—au revoir!"

And Melton Melton, Esq., vanished.

The captain heard of this with a slight chuckle, and Lizzie waited his return, quite in vain.

In a week the captain and his daughter had gone back to the old second floor in the river-ward street, and there, with the painted furniture, the plaster parrots, the bunch of white coral, and other belongings which had been the pride of the late Mrs. Hacket's heart, began a new life. And thither, despite Lizzie's hopes, Melton Melton, Esq., did *not* come to offer his fortune to the impoverished heiress.

Lizzie waited for a long, long while, and then plucked up pride enough to enclose Melton's ring in a very contemptuous note, and send it back to him, and after that, instead of pining away, she took heart of grace, and resolved to despise those butterflies of fashion who had courted her society in the elegant establishment over which she had once presided, and who never found their way to the river-ward street and the humble rooms upon the second floor.

But thither, once again, Tom Hadaway came often. Coming in after those long voyages with his curious gifts from foreign lands, showing always that kindness and gallantry which a true sailor always shows to women who are worthy of it, and showing more than this, a true and constant love which it might have been any woman's pride to win.

And Lizzie, separated from the throng of fashion's votaries whose glitter had blinded her, saw Tom Hadaway's worth, grew to be very, very fond of him, and, at last, gave him her heart and hand, feeling that all her adversities had been blessings in disguise—having brought her to this happy end.

They were married very quietly in the morning, and in the evening Captain Hacket proposed "A walk and some ice-cream," and the young couple assented. The captain seemed in a very merry mood and full of some important secret. He trudged ahead, followed by the happy pair, through one of the river-ward streets to those elegant quarters of the city which it had once been Bessie's lot to inhabit, and finally stopped before the very house which had been theirs. It was brilliantly lighted from roof to cellar.

"They're havin' a party, it seems," said the captain. "Ah, now, if we only lived here, eh? Different quarters from what we've left, eh? Oh, Lord love ye! It's enough to make a man envious."

"No matter, papa," said Lizzie; "we are very happy now. *I* don't care to change, for one. Where are you going?"

For the captain was ascending the stoop.

"In," said the captain; "come along."

Lizzie and Tom stood confounded. It entered Tom's mind that, having had something to drink future prosperity to the young couple in, the old gentleman might have taken a glass too much.

"I beg you to consider, Captain," he began.

But the captain roared:

"You lubber! don't disobey orders. We're expected here."

And at that moment the door opened and in the hall were ranged all the old servants, smiling and courtesying welcome.

"What does it mean?" cried Lizzie.

"What *can* it mean?" cried Tom.

"It means I haven't been ruined—that's all," said the captain. "This is my house, and has never belonged to any one else. And what's more, Tom Hadaway, the Betsy Hacket belongs to me still, and there wasn't a word of truth in what I told you about being hired to navigate her, out of compassion, by the new owner. I've played a trick, for Lizzie's sake, on more than one I know of. I reckoned that land lubber had an eye to Lizzie's fortune, and I've proved it true. But I gave the same sauce to both ganders, and *you*, Tom Hadaway, never guessed Lizzie was still an heiress. If she isn't thankful to me now, her eyes belie her."

And Lizzie's eyes did not belie her; for in her heart she was thanking Heaven for her escape from a fortune-hunter, and wondering how she could ever have cared for any one but Tom Hadaway the least in the world.

And in her own room Lizzie found her own handsome wardrobe, and was soon dressed for the splendid wedding supper, to which the captain had invited all those good souls—friends of the past—who had not been elegant enough for Lizzie in her first elevation to fashionable life; and every one admitted that, on the whole, it was the merriest wedding supper ever eaten, and that thenceforth Lizzie and Tom were the two happiest people upon earth.

* * *

The Woman Once Loved.—No man of honor—no *gentleman*—*can* commit the crime of traducing the woman he has once loved. There is something so wretched in a baseness of this kind, that the veriest reptile among us would shudder at the possibility of being suspected of it.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A **kind-hearted** and witty clergyman entering the house of one of his elders one morning, found the good old man unmercifully whipping one of his sons, a lad about fourteen years old, and at once began to intercede for the boy. The deacon defended himself by saying that youth must be early trained in the way it should go.—"It was best to make an impression when the wax was soft." "Ay," said the pastor, "but that don't hold here, for the *whacks were not soft.*" The deacon let the boy go.

A **Yankee** naturalist, travelling in England, wanted to take a monkey with him in the passenger car, from Southampton to London: but the guard of the train, with true British stupidity and obstinacy, insisted that the monkey was a dog and must go in the dog-van. The Yankee, in high irritation, took a tortoise out of his coat pocket, and demanded if that, too, were a dog. Whereupon the guard, like a true Briton, slowly but firmly replied: "*No, sir—them's all right; them be hinsex.*"

When Bishop Asbury controlled the "Methodist Church South," there was one circuit in Virginia where the ladies were so fascinating that all the young preachers sent there were soon taken captive. The Bishop thought to stop this by sending thither two decrepit old men, but to his great surprise, both were married the same year. He exclaimed in disgust: "I am afraid the women and the devil will get all my preachers."

A **resident** of St. Louis, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his wedding-day, thought he would do a neat thing, and so was re-married to his wife, from whom he had never been divorced, but with whom he had had some difficulties. An enemy, hearing of his second marriage and not fully understanding the case, had him arrested for bigamy and lodged in jail, where he had to stay from Saturday night till Monday morning.

Sound Advice.—A spendthrift had a fortune left him, and was advised by a friend to purchase a farm notorious for its neglected state and sterility. "Why," said the spendthrift, "there is not a single passable road through the whole farm?" "That is the very reason I wish you to buy it," said the other; "it will take you the longer to *run through it!*"

A **new-married** lady who was very fond of her husband, notwithstanding his extreme ugliness of person, once said to a witty friend: "What do you think? My husband has gone and laid out fifty dollars for a large baboon on purpose to please me." "The dear little man!" cried the other. "Well, *it is just like him.*"

"**Why** don't you wheel that barrow of coals, Ned?" said a learned miner to one of his sons. "It's not a very hard job, there is an inclined plane to relieve you." "Ah," replied Ned, who had more relish for wit than work, "the plane may be inclined, but hang me if I am."

Lawyer C——, (entering his friend's, Dr. M——'s office, and speaking in a hoarse whisper,) "Fred., I've got such a cold this morning I can't speak the truth." Dr. M.: "*Well, I'm glad it's nothing that will interfere with your business.*"

"**Well**, wasn't that a finished sermon we had this morning?" asked one person of another as they came out of church. "Finished!" was the reply; "yes, it was finished at last, although I began to think it never would be."

"**What** do you mean by bringing me these bones! I ordered mutton chops?" "Well, sah, in dis establishment a mutton chop is a bone ob de sheep from which all de meat has been chopped off."

"**Why** don't you stand up there like a man?" asked a magistrate of a drunken fellow arraigned before him. "*I can stand up well enough, your Honor, but I can't make my boots stand up.*"

The following is a sign upon an Academy for teaching in one of the far Western States: Freeman and Huggs, school-teachers. Freeman teaches the boys, and Huggs the girls."

Why are people who stutter not to be relied on? Because they are always breaking their word.

Why do honest ducks dip their heads under water? To liquidate their little bills.

* * *

CURRENT ITEMS.

The engineer of a railroad train when near Youngstown, Ohio, seeing a woman on the track whose gait indicated either great physical feebleness or intoxication, he set the whistle screeching and slowed the train. The woman heard the alarm, stepped to one side of the track, drew a revolver, and fired a couple of shots at the engineer, as the locomotive passed her, as an expression of her indignation at having her promenade thus rudely interfered with.

A **couple** of Cuban ladies, whose husbands were to fight a duel, resolved to prevent the deadly encounter, and so appeared on the ground at sunrise,—one armed with three children, and the other with two,—and took their places beside their respective lords, to the utter consternation of the latter. Of course there was no going on with the duel, and the affair ended in a champaigne breakfast and perfect reconciliation.

A **widow** and widower, but slightly acquainted, having accidentally got into the same pew at a "church wedding," in Milwaukee, the other day, "caught the infection," as the ceremony proceeded; and, at its close, astounded the assemblage by walking up to the altar, and requesting the officiating clergyman to "repeat the service" in their behalf; and they were married on the spot.

In the woods near Breslau, C. W., a few days since, two lads, brothers, found and ate of a root which they supposed to be wild parsnip, but which proved a deadly poison. In half an hour after partaking of it one of them fell dead, and the other one had just sufficient strength to reach home and inform his parents of the fate that had befallen his brother, when he too fell a corpse.

A **lady** in a street car, who was carrying a black-and-tan dog in her lap, was insulted and pushed against by a rude fellow sitting next to her, upon which the dog sprang at the ruffian, and, seizing him by the nose, amply avenged the indignity which had been offered to his mistress, to the great gratification of the passengers and the utter discomfiture of the insulter.

Lewis Fegurado, an old negro, and one of the institutions of Providence, died in that city recently at the age of nearly ninety years. He had long been prepared for death, having his grave clothes all ready, his coffin selected, and his head-stone cut, with the place for the age and date of death left blank.

A **school** teacher in Texas was grossly insulted by a man who told her at the same time that if she had any friends to avenge the insult she could send them to him. The lady replied that she was able to protect herself, and, drawing a pistol, shot the man, killing him on the spot.

At a fair in Richmond a gentleman wishing to secure a valuable article that had been put up as a prize, at $100, in shares of $1 each, of which only one had been sold, took the ninety-nine other shares, and yet lost the prize,—the "lone" share winning against his ninety-nine.

An aged man living in Martha's Vineyard was struck by lightning as he was walking along the street, and instantly killed. The electric bolt struck him on the head, tearing his hat in shreds, but leaving no mark of violence on him except a slight discoloration of his face.

A **resident** of Glen's Falls recently died from the effects of a tumor in the chest which was so large as totally to impede the action of the organs of digestion and kill the patient by starvation.

A **citizen** of Minneapolis, Minn., while passing a carpenter who was driving nails with a common hatchet-hammer, had his nose cut clean off by the accidental back-swing of the implement.

Warning to Boys.—John Rogers, a boy 13 years of age, was burned to death on Sunday of last week, by the explosion of some powder which he was carrying loose in one of his pockets.

A **couple** of Michigan boys, each thirteen years of age, lately got into a dispute about some trifle, when one of them shot the other, killing him instantly.

A **convict** in Michigan who, with a knife, kept everybody away from his cell, went sixteen days without eating, and finally had to be smoked out of his room.

An Indiana paper says there have been sixteen cases of lynch-law in that State during the past two months.

A **citizen** of Canaan, Vt., accidentally blew off one of his legs with a shot-gun and bled to death.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1867.

We always stop the Ledger at the expiration of the year, or of the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

No Travelling Agents.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN:

Being a Series of Twelve Articles, by the Presidents of Twelve of the Principal Colleges in the United States.

No. VIII.

ON THE STUDY OF THE MIND.

BY LAURENS P. HICKOK, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF UNION COLLEGE.

It would be absurd to suppose that the eye should see how it sees, or that the ear should hear how it hears; but there is nothing absurd in assuming that the Mind may know how it knows. No organ of sense is constructed for overseeing its own action; while it is the high prerogative of the human mind to have an insight into its processes of knowing. Both the worlds of matter and of mind become very different from the common apprehension, when the modes by which they are known have been carefully studied. One cannot study everything; and yet, laboriously to study many other subjects and neglect that of the mind, is a sad mistake; for no science can be thorough without some knowledge of the knowing itself; and, moreover, such neglect betrays an intrinsic weakness, or an inexcusable supineness. Every thinking young man should make thought itself a topic of patient investigation.

Teachers and books may quicken and suggest in this study, but the lesson is mainly to be learned in the light of consciousness and reason alone. The meaning of the terms used can no otherwise be attained than by finding the thing itself on the field of the mind's own working. The word will not carry over the thought from one mind to another, until the last has found the thought in his own mind, the same as the first possessed it. The truth we seek is already within us. The mind also is one, though working through many functions, and all its faculties are in unity. The interdependence of the faculties must determine the method of study, for the order must be as the mind works, and the completeness will be when we have examined all.

Begin the study in the function with which all knowledge opens—*sense-experience*. The eye or any other organ may have many impressions at once, and none of them will be known except as a mental act distinguishes each from others and therein attains *what* it is, and then limits each distinct quality and thereby attains *how much* it is. This limiting may be so much in place, giving its shape; or so much in period, giving its duration; or so much in degree, giving its amount of intensity. This will include all measures of quantity, and by such intellectual agency the affection given to the sense becomes both a distinct and a definite perception. We know the object as such a quality, in such a place, and in such a period, and of such a degree of intensity. Thus, for all possible qualities of all our organs of sense. The inner exercises of thinking, feeling, or willing, affect the mind as if it were itself all organ of sense; and when such affections are distinguished and defined, we perceive the inner exercises as distinctly and definitely as we do the outer qualities. So we know, in both the outer and the inner sense.

Note in studying, that what has been distinguished and defined, and thus what has been perceived, has been the affections in the organs and not that which induced these affections. The outer thing and the inner agent do neither of them appear themselves, but only the modes by which they have impressed themselves upon the sense. You have perceived qualities and not things; exercises, and not the agents. These have also been taken separately and singly, and are moreover transient and fleeting, as perpetually passing in and out of the consciousness.

A *second* function, next to be studied, is the *logical understanding*. This is the mind's turning itself back in reflection upon the perceived sense-appearances, and elaborating them into general judgments. By abstracting, comparing and combining, new conceptions are formed; and noting such qualities as invariably in the sense appear in one place, or invariably in succession according to a fixed order of sequence, the mind judges these groups to be things, like the aggregate appearances in an orange, and the series an order of flowing events, like the saccharine, vinous, and acetous fermentation of the pressed grape-juice. The whole sense-experience in this way is connected into an ordered system of nature, and the separate appearances are known as going to make up the universe. The same qualities for the same thing, and the same order of successive events invariably occurring, are known as the laws of nature. The law thus known, it must be noted, is simply the fact of such appearances together and in succession, and not that anything beyond the facts is known that determines their order. The understanding judges only according to sense, and never from anything beyond sense.

Thus far, all who study mind in the sense-experience may go on together, but just here many students and teachers stop short. Experience may verify its perceptions and expound its judgments as above, but the footsteps of experience can be traced no further. Some may arbitrarily affirm that such perception is a knowing of things in themselves, immediately; others may say that we get the primary qualities of things, externality and solidity, immediately from touch; and another gets matter as force from co-resistance to muscular pressure, and infers a persistent force from the fact of a persistent consciousness; but empiricism through all modifications must logically stick in the husk of outward appearance, and can never penetrate to the kernel of nature, much less can it attain to the knowledge of an Author of nature. It may profess a faith in the supersensible and supernatural, but it can take hold of nothing to justify it, and the faith is only credulity. From the imbecility of a mind which can exercise only such functions, the attempt to know what lies beyond the appearance can only end in contradictions; and the belief that there is something under the qualities, and connecting the sequences, and an absolute which originates all, has no better ground than that the mind feels its need of them.

But here there comes in another form of exposition for the working of the logical understanding that is exactly the converse of the above, and this is the point in our method where it should be studied. Instead of faith in something permanent under the changing appearance, and which induces the appearance, it assumes merely a logical movement, that from its inner law of progress weaves the whole warp and woof of human experience. The Egoistic Philosophy starts with a thinking-movement and nothing else. Intelligence is a *doing*, but not so doing as if the acting pointed back to some existing agent. The living-movement only is, and its on-going states or posits its thought, and such suppressed track of the thought-movement is our intelligent experience. The logical process patiently evolved is most exact, most minute, and most comprehensive; and this system of Transcendental Idealism, fully apprehended, must ever stand as a wonder and astonishment among speculative inventions. It accounts for all experience from absolute thought, and its boast is that it leaves no dark core of existence, either a *noumenon* or a *nous*, unsolved and inexplicable. Its refutation is impossible from the stand-point of experience, for it can at least as legitimately take the thought-process, which it does find, for the source of all appearance, as its opponent may take some permanent thing back of appearances, which it does not find, for the source of all sense-affection. The only position for dissipating this most subtle illusion is given in the reason, from which we may manifestly show that this Idealism can never be determined to a common space and a common time, but must be an experience with as varied spaces and times as those of our different dreams. All is subjective; given each thinker for himself, and nothing to determine in common the places and periods for what is thought. Berkeley and Mill, each in his way, are Idealists, but the English and Scotch mind, mostly, supposes some outer thing in itself to impress the sense and work the affections in it, while the German mind quite largely works out the universe by the above rythmical law of the logical movement. The different processes of the understanding, in the two cases, develop two separate worlds of experience with an impassable void between them.

A *third* function of intelligence is the *Reason*. The word is often misapplied to the mere logical deductions and inductions of the understanding, and by Kant to the regulated but vain logical attempt to reach the absolute. Rightly it denotes a distinct and independent function for knowing, which attains its own objects in its own peculiar way. As an endowment of man, it separates the human mind from all brute-intelligence. All men are rational, and thus all use reason more or less, but multitudes have no recognition of it as a distinct mode of knowing. It is the sole organ for all speculative philosophy, and yet the true Platonic conception of the Reason has almost wholly dropped from philosophic recognition. All young beginners in the study of mind ought accurately to attain the knowledge of this highest form of knowing. The sense and the understanding have to do only with appearances and their relations; the reason knows what, antecedently to all experience, was conditional that experience itself should be, and should so be as it is. Its office is to know the necessary and the universal, as conditional for the fleeting and partial. What the function is, and how it works, and what truths it attains, will be best learned by looking at it in operation on its own field.

By defining sense-appearance we perceive shape and place. Place can be known where such defining agency moves, and no place can be known but as the defining agency reaches it. We may describe imaginary lines and figures, and carry the line to any extent, it is that limited by the line which is the known, and what is beyond is the unknown. The pure imaginary sense-movement may in this way attain a sort of infinity, in the apprehension that, how far soever it has gone, it may yet go further. There is still a beyond all unknown until it shall go to it. Here place is perceived, and the largest place may yet be further enlarged, but this limiting agency must make the enlargement. The place known must be the place the line reaches, and to know place further the line must be carried further. Here is pure sense-knowing.

But just here we may apply the wholly different reason-knowing. The reason by its insight into this pure sense-place can see what beforehand was conditional that the pure place should be. It comprehends the limited place in illimitable space. The reason knows space as in itself a concrete whole, to which nothing can be added and from which nothing can be taken, and which is unchangeable in every point. The infinite of all sense-lines is still wholly within the reason's space-infinite. The sense-infinite, ever stretching onwards, is still a contained; the reason-infinite is the container of all possible contents. The first is what the Germans very expressively call "a miserable kind of infinite." So with time as with space. Sense can know that period as well as place may be infinitely enlarged, but still the infinite enlargement must be within the reason's infinite time. The reason knows its infinite better than the sense knows its infinite, or even its finite. The sense only knows what is, the reason knows what must be.

Further, sense can measure the straight line between two points; and can then successively measure other lines than the straight one between these points, and may find one by one that those other lines are longer than the straight line, and can thus know that the straight line is the shortest in just so many cases as it has measured, and can say no more. The reason can see in the diagram itself of a straight line between two points, that all lines out of the straight line must be longer than it; and not only all lines out of the straight line in this diagram, but in this can see for all diagrams which can be drawn in space, that universally the straight line must be the shortest. Thus with every diagram appropriate for presenting an axiom, or such as may present the successive intuitions in the steps to a final demonstration; the reason immediately knows the universal in the particular. Sense can be arithmetician with counters, and geometrician with a measuring-rod, but only the reason can know the universal truths of mathematics, or the mode of mathematical knowing.

Again, to the sense, there is place perceived where there is extension, and period perceived where there is succession; but as with the sense all is subjective, or for the person perceiving, so, if we take away the extended and successive appearances, their places and periods will depart with them, just as when the scenes of a dream fade away, their dreaming places and periods also pass away. Each man's places and periods are for himself, as exclusively as the extended and successive appearances are for himself. It is not possible for the sense or the understanding, judging according to sense, to determine its places and periods to one common space and time. The sense and the logical judgment cannot know that there is one common space and common time for all.

But the reason immediately knows in the thing itself that an outer substantial world of things must affect the organs of sensation in all men alike, so that the sense-appearances shall respectively have to all observers the same places; and also that the changes in such outer substantial world must affect all organs alike, as respects succession, and must thus give to the appearing events respectively the same periods to all observers; and these same places and periods, for all, must make them to stand in one common space and pass in one common time for all. The outer things themselves determine the places and periods of their sense-appearance for all men, and thus for all men they determine the one space and one time to be in common.

Now such substantial world with its interacting forces is, for the reason, real substance and cause existing above sense, and the principle of the mechanical composition and resolution of forces must give its necessary and universal laws to nature, and thus to the reason only can the knowing in natural philosophy be possible.

So, also, the reason can apprehend pure form in space, exclusive of the material it contains; and can apprehend pure pitch, or key, in tone, irrespective of the contained sound. The forms in space and the key in tone can be modulated to express living sentiment, and thus exhibit human feeling in all its wide varieties. Here the reason knows as no animal sense can, and such sentiment and feeling as the reason approves, and contemplates with satisfaction when so expressed, belongs to the aesthetic sphere of taste. The creation of such ideas, and the putting of them into form and tone, is fine art. The human sentiment so expressed is Beauty; and all superhuman sentiment so exhibited is Sublimity; and in this province can reason alone have any knowledge or sympathy. Such living sentiment may be found in the forms and tones of nature, as well as in the productions of art, and the Idea of the most perfect expression reason takes as its standard, and works or criticises accordingly. The appeal is to no sense-appetite, but solely to the reason's approbation and delighted contemplation. Only reason can be artist.

Moreover, reason, from its insight into man himself, knows him to be both animal and rational; and also immediately knows that the approbation of the rational should control the gratification of the animal. The reason thus knows an absolute imperative in the man, separately from all outside authority. He is a law to himself, and this knowing is source also for conscience accusing or excusing. He is thus open to all moral obligation, and can hold to the imperative of reason against all the appetites of sense. In this man knows himself to be person and not thing, and knows also that no sense or logical judging can come within the sphere of such knowledge. The end here cannot be prudential in attaining highest happiness, since happy or unhappy he is bound to be approved in conscience. His reason must see himself worthy of such approbation, and that he may so contemplate himself is his ultimate end. He knows that no other being should approve if his own conscience does not approve himself; and that no reward in happiness can be compensation for conscious unworthiness. This is the ethical sphere, and reason only can enter it.

And only once more, the reason sees in the spheres of nature, art and ethics themselves, that conditional for their existing in outward expression, a personal author must independently have being. Such author, reason knows, must have within himself the perfect ideas of all nature, art, and morals; and these archetypes must have prompted and guided in the creation as in the progressive consummation of each sphere. And here is the knowing which opens the highest sphere of religious being and action for man. Above philosophy, art, or morals; man may here have reciprocal affection and sympathy with Deity, and come into immortal communion with him. Only reason's eye can see, in the things that are made, eternal power and Godhead.

In all these ways the knowing of reason is peculiar to itself; a knowledge that is pure and perfect. The reason knows that a form of knowing, which should be in opposition to its own, would be an impossibility and absurdity. Its truths known have necessity and universality.

We have found space only for directing in the study of the intellect, and must altogether omit attention to the study of the feelings and volitions.

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MANUFACTURED LIGHTNING.

Forty years ago our con[illegible]ng was a feeble burlesque on the lightning of Heaven. Glass cylinders about the size of lager-bier kegs, glass discs from two to three feet in diameter, and galvanic troughs three or four feet long, were the principal apparatus in use for generating the electric fluid, and a battery of Leyden jars, scarcely larger than ordinary case bottles, was our best imitation of a thunder-cloud. It was quite a feat in those days to melt a little scrap of platinum with electricity. What a leap in science we have made since then! If Franklin could re-visit the earth he would be wonder-struck. Instead of his kite-string that drew a flash from the nearest cloud, we have great cables, underrunning the ocean for a thousand leagues, with streams of artificial lightning continually coursing through them—instead of his imperfect instruments that gleaned a few sparks from the air by dint of manual labor, vast machines propelled by steam that generate electricity in consuming floods.

At a late scientific re-union in London one of these machines, weighing four and a half tons and worked by an eight-horse power steam engine, was exhibited. The electric action developed by this power, through the intervention of immense magnets and nearly twenty hundred weight of copper wire, was so tremendous as to burn bars of iron like sticks of wood, producing a light too vivid and intense to be looked upon. Electric beacon-lights are likely soon to supersede all others, as the calcium and magnesium lights have already, to some extent, superseded oil. The one lately established at Cape Grisnez, on the coast of France, flashes right across the British Channel and for some miles beyond the English shore-line. There are now three electric light-houses in Europe—two in France and one in England—and the supremacy of electricity over every other artificial illuminator seems in a fair way of being demonstrated beyond all cavil.

◆

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

Some proverbial philosopher, antecedent to the immortal Tupper, has sententiously assured us that "Variety is the spice of life." Prefix to the sentence the word wholesome, and we may, perhaps, agree with him. Hundreds of slow-going individuals die before their time of the *ennui* engendered by monotony, and every now and then somebody takes a leap in the dark out of life in order to escape its sameness. The fact is that man is naturally an excitable being—*born* to be excited. In the absence of excitement his soul stagnates. He requires to be stirred up occasionally as much as a custard or a sauce, and if he is not mentally agitated in some way or other he is as sure to be a failure as an unstirred sauce or custard. How can he be stirred up most beneficially? that is the question. Our proverbial friend says by change—by variety. But there are changes from good to bad and from bad to worse—as if a man should vary praying with swearing, or, after wearying himself with swearing, should try his hand at murder. Change from one kind of labor to another is refreshing; change from work to play is pleasant and healthful; change from action to perfect rest is agreeable and invigorating. All these changes, made at proper times and seasons, are conducive to the health of mind and body. But we must be careful to vary the monotony of labor wisely. Dissipation is not recreation. Frivolous pursuits enfeeble the mind more than the hardest mental toil. But there is no harm in being merry—not a jot. The same power that endowed us with powerful biceps muscles to work with, also gave us risible muscles to laugh with, and meant that we should shake our sides as well as use our arms. "To everything there is a season," says the shrewd and pious Solomon—"a time for every purpose under heaven,—a time to get, a time to lose, a time to keep, and a time to cast away."

EXECUTION OF DAMIENS.

BY JAMES PARTON.

There are those who think that people in past times were wiser and better than the present inhabitants of the earth. If there are any such among the readers of the *Ledger*, I submit for their consideration the following narrative:

On Wednesday afternoon, January the 5th, 1757, Louis XV., King of France, drove to the palace of Versailles to visit his daughters. After remaining with them for an hour or two, he descended to his carriage, intending to return to the residence of one of his mistresses. As he was about to get into the carriage, a stout man, dressed in black, pushed aside the officer in attendance, came up to the king, put his hand upon his shoulder, and gave him a stab in the side with a pocket-knife. The man made no attempt to escape, although in the darkness of the evening he probably could have escaped, as there were few persons in waiting. The king feeling himself wounded, cried out:

"I am assassinated! There is the man; arrest him, and do him no harm!"

The man was immediately taken, and made no resistance. The king walked up stairs to a room, and the wound, which was exceedingly slight, was immediately dressed. In the pocket of the prisoner were found thirty louis d'ors, some silver money, and a well bound copy of the Bible.

The consternation and horror which this event excited in France, it is difficult to describe. All the princes and nobles hurried to the palace, as the memoir tells us, "in tears." The king himself was thoroughly panic-stricken. He twice confessed himself that night, appointed his son to govern the kingdom, and made a discourse to his family which, we are informed, was "very touching." The people of Paris filled the churches, and the priests, it is said, were so "suffocated by grief," that when they came to pray for the king they could scarcely make themselves heard; and the "whole congregation shed tears." The wildest rumors prevailed; some thought the English had done it; others, the "Jesuits"; and this last belief was so general, that in one day two hundred pupils were taken from the Jesuit schools by their parents. No one was allowed to leave the city; and, in short, the whole kingdom was in the ferment which is observed in a bee-hive when the queen-bee is missing.

Meanwhile, the assassin, as he was called, was undergoing examination. He was taken into the room of the palace appropriated to the king's body-guard, where he was first made to drink a mixture to counteract the poison which, it was thought, he might have taken. The soldiers then stripped him naked, and took an inventory of all that he had upon him. An officer of high rank ordered the soldiers to heat the tongs red hot, and burn the legs of the poor wretch, which was done to the great satisfaction of all beholders. He was so severely burned that he was a sufferer thenceforth as long as he was permitted to live. It was even proposed in the guard-room to heat the fire-place with fagots, and burn him upon the spot; and this would certainly have been attempted but for the interposition of a civilian who was present. He was dressed at length and conveyed to prison, where he was guarded by fifty grenadiers, four sergeants remaining in his room, day and night. He expressed a desire to write a letter to the king, and writing materials being furnished him, he produced the following epistle:

"Sire: I am very sorry to have had the misfortune to approach you; but if you do not take the part of your people, before many years have passed away, you and your son and some others will perish. It would be a pity that so good a prince, by an excessive regard for the priests, to whom he gives all his confidence, should not be sure [illegible] remedy that speedily, very great misfortunes will happen, and your kingdom itself will not be safe. Unfortunately for you, your subjects have discarded you, for this affair is wholly of their doing; and if you will not be so good, for your people's sake, to order the priests to give the sacraments to the dying, which have been refused recently by your orders, I repeat to you that your life is not safe, and this I tell you upon trustworthy authority, and I send you the information by the bearer of this letter in whom I have the utmost confidence.

The Archbishop of Paris is the cause of all the trouble, by his refusal of the sacraments to the dying. After the cruel crime which I have committed against your sacred person, the sincere avowal which I take the liberty to offer you makes me hope for clemency from your majesty's goodness. Damiens."

"P. S.—I forgot to have the honor of representing to your majesty that, notwithstanding the orders which you gave that no harm should be done me, Monseigneur, the Guard of the Seals, made a pair of tongs hot in the guard-room, held me himself, and ordered two soldiers to burn my legs, which was done, and he promised to reward them. He further ordered the guards to bring some fagots, and to put them upon the fire, in order to burn me in it; and but for Monsieur Le Clere, who hindered them from executing their design, I should not have been able to have the honor to give you this account of it.

"Damiens."

The reader might infer from this letter alone that this poor Robert Peter Damiens was a half-witted fanatic; but his subsequent examination *demonstrated* the fact. Religious France had been for some years agitated by the controversy to which Damiens alludes in his letter. It was a controversy similar to that which formerly raged in Protestant countries between "Calvinists" and "Arminians." But in Catholic France, at that time, controversy on points of doctrine was not permitted, and the government attempted to crush it by the strong hand. Supported by the royal authority, the archbishop of Paris went so far as to deny absolution and the last offices of the Church to dying persons unless they had previously declared their adherence to that side of the dispute which the Court and Church adopted. Damiens, who had been for many years a servant in noble families, was extremely religious, and the idea of the last sacraments being refused to the dying excited in his mind so profound a horror that it deprived him of the little sense nature had given him. It is highly probable, what he constantly asserted, that his intention had been not to kill, but to warn, the king; and indeed the instrument he had used could hardly have given a fatal stroke except in the hands of a surgeon. The man was an object of compassion, and should have been put into an insane asylum and humanely cared for. Let us see how the France of 1757 treated him.

In the first place, they arrested all his relations who could be found in France—his wife, who was a cook; his daughter, apprenticed to a seamstress; his brother, who was also a servant; his brother's wife, cook in another house; his brother's daughter, a pretty sewing girl of sixteen. These were all examined and re-examined, but they knew nothing of his crime. From every quarter of France his former employers were summoned, one of whom testified that Damiens was "one of those bitter spirits, capable of being led by sublime paths to the height of wickedness."

After a long trial, in which nothing of importance was discovered, the twenty-eighth of March was appointed as the day for his torture and execution. The princes of the blood and the dukes of the kingdom demanded to be present when the torture was applied. This, however, was refused. On the morning of the day named, he was taken to the torture-chamber and subjected to the greatest amount of anguish which he could endure without danger of dying. As a writer observes, "the wedges used in compressing his legs were inserted at intervals, so as not to *fatigue* him; and, if he appeared on the point of swooning, the wedge was removed and re-inserted after a time." He constantly asserted that he had no accomplices and that he had revealed his intention to no one.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, escorted by several regiments of Guards, he was conveyed toward the scaffold, but by ways so circuitous and with so many pauses that he was an hour and a half in reaching it. When, at length, he did arrive, there was another delay of half an hour, during which he sat in full view of the preparations for his execution. At five o'clock, in the presence of a countless multitude, many of whom were women and some of high rank, he was bound naked upon a solid table. First, his right hand, with which he had struck the king, was burnt off; next, masses of flesh were torn from him by red-hot pincers, and melted lead and rosin poured into the wounds; lastly, a strong horse was attached to each of his four limbs, and an attempt was made in this way to tear him to pieces. After a considerable period it was found impossible to do this, and a message was sent for permission to cut the muscles of the joints, to facilitate the execution of this part of the sentence. This was refused, and the attempt was renewed, and was again unsuccessful. A second time, word was dispatched to the Hotel de Ville, that the horses could not tear the dying wretch asunder. The required permission was then given, and the muscles were severed. But it was not until both legs and one arm had been torn off that the prisoner expired.

From the moment when the execution began until he breathed his last was a period of an hour and a quarter, during which he uttered nothing but inarticulate cries and shrieks extorted from him by his agony. His body was burned, and the house which he had inhabited was purchased of its proprietor, and destroyed.

The king not merely permitted this, but he rewarded extravagantly every person who had taken a leading part in the trial and execution. To each of the two judges who sentenced Damiens a pension for life of six thousand francs a year was granted. The lawyers, the torturers, the clerks, and executioners were all bountifully recompensed; "more so," says Voltaire, "than officers who shed their blood for their country." Nor can I discover that one man in France, at that day, disapproved the punishment of Damiens.

The king, sunk in debauchery and superstition, had become so unpopular that when he appeared in public, the cheers that greeted him were faint and few. But when, a few weeks after the execution of Damiens, he reviewed his troops in the presence of a vast multitude of people, he was received with unbounded enthusiasm and seemed to have regained all his former popularity. Some months after, a royal prince was born, and the king named him the Count D'Artois, "to console," as he said, "the province of that name for having given birth to the monster Damiens, and to assure it of his continued protection."

This is the tale which I advise those to reflect upon who are so much in love with the past as to despise or undervalue the present.

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LATEST FROM MOONLAND.

There has been trouble in the moon. A volcano has disappeared there—an immense concern, that had a mouth thirty-six thousand feet in diameter, and a base covering many square miles. Astronomers had been acquainted with it ever since 1788, and were of course very sorry to lose it. Mr. Schmidt, director of the royal observatory in Athens, who was the first to report it as missing, seems to have regretted its disappearance as if it had been [illegible] friend. He had watched it clos[illegible]ory is, that the contents of the crater ran over at its brim, the immense flood of lava converting the precipitous sides of the burning mountain into a gentle declivity—in other words, that the surrounding country was leveled up, not the acclivity leveled down. This theory may be right or wrong, but there is no doubt that the enormous protuberance has vanished. On a certain night, in October last, Mr. Schmidt went over it—telescopically. On another certain night, in October, he directed his lenses to the spot where it ought to have been, but it was not there, nor could he see a fragment of it. He rubbed the crystalline lens of his eye, and the vitrious lenses of his tube, and tried again. But there was no salient point to be seen—the volcano had "vamosed." Other astronomers followed suit, with the same result; and there is now no manner of doubt that a lunar volcano as big as Ætna, Vesuvius, and Stromboli put together, has either been engulfed, or exploded, or smothered in its own lava. Probably nobody is the worse for the catastrophe, as it seems almost certain that the moon is uninhabited. Recent observations and experiments have all but demonstrated that it is airless and waterless, and, consequently, incapable of supporting animal life. The side of the planet visible to us is a mere congeries of volcanoes and the *debris* of volcanoes; and, as far as one can judge from such a distance, the orb is of no use whatever except as a lantern to the earth and a mark for sentimental sonneteers to sing at.

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Mr. Bonner on Advertising and Success, and McChesney.

To the Editor of the New Haven Palladium:

I thank you for the friendly tone of the paragraph in which you give me credit for what you designate my "skill in advertising;" but at the same time I must inform you, in the most sincere and emphatic manner, that you are mistaken in supposing that I was instrumental in procuring "a Rev. Mr. McChesney, of Saratoga," to abuse the *Ledger*, in order that in that way I might have the benefit of a gratuitous advertisement for my paper. Such a thought never occurred to me, and even if it had, I have too much respect for the great and good men who occupy the pulpit, to undertake to hire any clergyman to do anything of that sort. "Gratuitous advertising," as you are aware, has never been in my line. A publisher who will pay, as I have paid, twenty-five thousand dollars for one week's advertising, cannot very well be charged with seeking the "gratuitous" article. It is, perhaps, a small matter for me to trouble you with a note on this subject. You state, however, that you have "the very deepest respect for my cuteness," but I should prefer, instead, to have you respect my integrity as a man rather than my cuteness as a publisher; and this leads me to say that I often wonder why people—especially editors—do not understand this matter better than they do. "*Cuteness*" *does not make any man successful.* Success comes rather from integrity, combined with energy and a knowledge of one's business: energy, to push your business; a knowledge of it, to understand what your patrons need; and integrity, to enable you to do what is right. As I said in the note which I wrote to Henry Ward Beecher, when I first proposed to him to write a story for the *Ledger*: "I would not make this proposition to you if "I did not think it would be a good thing for you to accept of it. I would not ask any man to do anything "for me that I did not think to be *right*. It is weak—"it is not smart—for a publisher to ask a distinguished "man to write something for his paper that is likely to "benefit it temporarily at the expense of the writer's "good name or reputation. If 'writing for the "*Ledger*' had proved to be a bad thing for Mr. "Everett, wouldn't it have been still worse for me?" So of advertising: it would be weak—it would not be smart, it would not be right—for a publisher to make a proposition to any clergyman (even to a simple, rustic clergyman like Rev. Mr. McChesney) to abuse his paper in order that a little gratuitous advertising might be obtained by the affair; and, therefore, from such an imputation I beg most sincerely to be relieved.

Robert Bonner.

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—The ninth article of the series by the Twelve Presidents of our Principal Colleges, is by President Haven of the University of Michigan. It will appear in our next issue.

MY NEIGHBOR.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Jessie Taber
Is my neighbor,
Sprightly, sweet, and seventeen;
I would do a Christian's duty
To my little village beauty,
If there were not such an ogre on the scene!

Yes, her father,
He is rather
Boanerges-like, and stern;
Glaring out with savage wonder,
Roaring out in voice of thunder,
If my eyes that way I only chance to turn!

Jessie Taber
Is my neighbor;
I should love her;—that's the law!
I have Scripture warrant for it;
'Tis my duty!—who'll ignore it?
And my conscience suffers from this old bashaw!

When she's sitting
At her knitting,
Fingers flitting in and out,
You will find, I'm very certain,
Her papa behind the curtain,
So you'd better have a care what you're about!

Once I spied her,
None beside her!
And I fancied 'twould be nice
With my secret to surprise her;
But *one effort* made me wiser,
And I thought "the object *scarcely* worth the price!"

I'm no coward,
Arrant coward,
Neither dolt nor stupid dunce;
But that man is an abortion,
Who will take a *beastly* portion,
And consent to being *booted*—more than once!

How discover
I'm her lover?
How be sure my suit's approved?
While new stratagems essaying,
I am ever hopeful, praying,
Praying—*that the curse may be removed*.

Jessie Taber
Is my neighbor;
Sure the law I don't despise;
But that horrid son of evil
Is the angel—no! the devil,
Who has sworn to keep me out of Paradise!

◆

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER," "SELF-MADE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE DERBY.

> I have set my life upon a cast,
> And I will abide the hazard of the die.
> SHAKESPEARE.

"Oh, it is drizzling! I wonder if it is not always drizzling in this whimpering climate," grumbled Anna, as she met Drusilla in their private parlor very early on the morning of the Derby Day.

"It is but a light drizzle; it will not hurt us and it may clear off," suggested Drusilla, hopefully.

"All ready, my darlings? That is right, for we must make an early start if we wish to get a good position on the hill. I don't know that reserved places are ever taken in advance for the Derby; but I do know that *we* have not secured any. Ring for breakfast, Anna, my child, and let us have it over. But where is Dick?" inquired the general, as he joined his young people.

"He has stepped around to the livery stable to make sure of the barouche we engaged. He [illegible] servants; but Dick can't keep out of a stable, if only he has the faintest shadow of an excuse to go into one. Well—he might go into worse places," said the general, just as the absentee returned.

"A strong, well sprung, capacious barouche and a fine pair of horses! Altogether as good a turn-out as is to be had for love or money," said Dick, as he threw himself into a chair.

"But what is that you have there?" inquired the general, pointing to a well-sized parcel rolled up in tissue paper which Mr. Hammond carried in his hands.

"This! Oh, this contains our veils," answered Dick, unrolling the parcel and displaying yards of blue, green, mauve, brown and gray barége.

"Our—*what?*"

"Veils for the Derby. I saw other fellows buying veils and they told me it was the usual thing to keep off the dust, you know. There, Anna, there's a blue one for you. Needn't take the trouble to hem it; nobody does; it is only to be used for one occasion, and is never fit for anything else afterwards. Here, Drusa, you may have the green one; and little Lenny the mauve; and now, uncle, here are two—a gray and a brown, for you and me. I thought you would like a subdued color best, as I do. We are to tie them around our hats," said Dick, offering the choice of the remaining veils to the general.

The veteran soldier laughed and shook his head.

"But, uncle, every gentleman wears a veil."

"Nonsense, Dick! somebody has been selling you."

"Indeed, no, they were all buying veils and fastening them on to their hats."

"Then I'll be hanged if I make myself ridiculous by wearing a veil like a girl."

"Well, then, you'll get yourself blinded, deafened, stupefied and suffocated by the dust—eyes, ears, nostrils and bronchial tubes will all be filled."

"I should like to know where the dust is to come from on such a day as this? Do you see how it is raining?"

"Don't know, sir! only know what the fellows here tell me."

"They are quizzing you, as I said before, that's my opinion."

While he spoke the door was opened and Mr. Spencer and Mr. Tredegar were announced.

These were two young Americans, who had been fellow-students with Dick Hammond, and whom the general had met on the day before and invited to breakfast and to go to the Derby with his party.

After bowing to the ladies and shaking hands with the gentlemen, the new-comers took the seats offered them and commenced upon the all-engrossing subject of the hour.

"Fine day for the Derby, sir!" said Mr. Spencer, who had been three years in London attached to the American Minister's *suite*, and might be supposed to be posted on the subject. "Very fine day for the Derby."

"Fine day! Why, do you see how it is raining?" demanded the general, in surprise.

"Drizzling, sir, drizzling; just enough to lay the dust."

"Dust! ah! by the way that reminds me! Here is a lunatic has brought in an assortment of veils and he says we must each wear one—men and women both."

"Oh, yes, sir—the regular thing, you know, like the train at court. It is to protect the wearer from the smothering dust."

"But," said the general, frowning, "as I was just asking my nephew when you came in, where is the dust to come from on such a day as this?"

"Oh, sir, it may clear up by the time we shall be coming home. And it is in the home-coming we raise the sirocco. We must be prepared for the worst."

"Worst? Do you call clear weather the worst?"

"The worst possible for the Derby, sir. But this is a truth that you will never be able to believe until you see it demonstrated. And you will probably see it done to-day."

As they talked, the waiter came in to lay the cloth for breakfast.

Watching his opportunity, he presently came to General Lyon, and said, in a low, respectful voice:

"Beg pardon, sir, but would you like to have a luncheon put up to take with you?"

"Eh? Yes, certainly," replied the general, at the same time turning towards his young visitors a comically appealing look, as much as to say:

"You see even this waiter knows me to be a greenhorn."

"What would you please to order, sir?" inquired John.

"Eh?—oh, anything at all! something nice and tidy."

"Pigeon-pie, sir, if you please?"

"Spencer, is pigeon-pie the regular thing?" said the general, winking at his friend.

"I believe it is *one* of the regular things. Derby Day without pigeon-pie would be—an incomplete arrangement."

"Well, Spencer, my dear boy, as you are posted, please receive my carte blanche to order all the 'regular' things, and everything else that is comfortable."

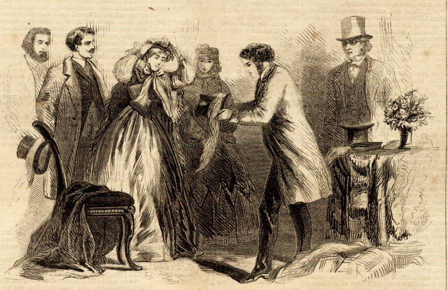
Young Spencer nodded and laughed; took from the general's hand a card and a pencil, and made out a liberal list, which he handed to the waiter, saying:

"See that all these articles are put into clean hampers, and stowed away in the boxes of the general's barouche."

The man left the room with the list, and returned with the breakfast tray.

And the family party and their visitors sat down to the table.

Anna presided.



PREPARING FOR THE DERBY.

"Where is my god-son?" inquired the general, discontented at the absence of his favorite.

"He had his breakfast in my room an hour ago, so that he might be got ready to go with us," said Drusilla.

"Ah! yes, well, I suppose under the circumstances it was as well," admitted the general.

Before they had done breakfast, however, Master Lenny was led in by his nurse.

He was resplendent in holiday attire and in the anticipation of some unknown glory that had been promised him, and for which he saw great preparations going forward, and which he called in his baby-babble "doin' Dubby."

"Doin' Dubby, untle dranpa! Lenny doin' Dubby, hee hos wun," he said, running up to his godfather.

"Lenny is going to the Derby to see the horses run, is he? But Lenny will be the winning horse, I'll bet," said the general, taking the little [illegible]" he added, turning to his young visitors, "let me introduce you to Master Leonard Lyon, the latest representative of old Leonard Lyon, who——"

"'Came over with the Conqueror,'" suggested Mr. Tredegar.

"Who lived here long before the Conqueror was born," concluded the general, quietly. "Leonard, my boy, bow to the gentlemen, and ask them how they do, and say that you hope they are well."

"Hope.—*Do Dubby*," said Lenny, who could not connect his sentences very well as yet, holding out his chubby hand to Mr. Spencer, who was nearest.

"Grandpa, we will leave Lenny to help you entertain your friends while we put on our bonnets and mantles," said Anna, rising from the table, followed by Drusilla.

"And so Master Leonard is going to the Derby? He is beginning life early,—he is a very fast young gentleman," said Mr. Tredegar, taking the child upon his knee.

"Lenny doin Dubby—hee hos wun," was the stereotyped answer of the boy.

But he was taken from one by the other, and prattled sociably to all until the return of the ladies, dressed for their drive.

"Now, Mr. Spencer, you are not in earnest about these veils? I am not to decorate Dick's and grandpa's hats with them, am I?" laughed Anna, lifting the light cloud-like pile of barège.

"Oh, no; not just yet! not until they shall be required. It has ceased drizzling, but the ground is still too damp for dust. They can be rolled up and put into their pockets until wanted."

"Here, grandpa, here is yours," said Anna, rolling up the gray veil lightly, and handing it.

"No, thank you, my dear. Dust or no dust, I am not going to wear a veil. I would just as soon wear a crinoline!"

"Put it in your own pocket, dear Mrs. Hammond, and have it ready for him when he will want it. He will be glad enough to get it by-and-by," said Francis Tredegar.

Anna took his advice.

"And now are we all quite ready?" inquired the general.

"Quite," answered every body else.

"Then, come!"

And he took Drusilla's hand, and drew it within his arm, and led the way down stairs.

A large, open barouche, with a fine pair of horses, stood waiting the general's family. A jaunty gig with a spirited horse awaited the two young gentlemen.

Drusilla and Anna were handed into the back seat. The general sat in front, and by his side sat Pina with little Lenny. Dick perched himself up beside the driver. Jacob rode behind. The two young men were in their gig.

The party started—the general's barouche taking the lead.

The drizzling rain had ceased and the clouds were dispersing before a light wind.

The streets of London, always crowded, were now thronged; but with this difference also,—that nine-tenths of the people's faces and the horses' heads were turned in one direction, and every body,—man, woman, and child, saint and sinner,—was becoming more and more intoxicated; and not with spirituous or fermented liquors, but with the Derby day. Crowded carriages of all descriptions, saddle-horses, donkeys, and foot-passengers of all ranks and sexes, thronged the streets; and talk and laughter, calls and shouts resounded through the air. It looked as if London were suddenly being evacuated by its whole population, and the people were making a merry joke of the matter. And all were pouring towards the south-western suburb.

In such a throng the progress of our party was necessarily very slow, yet with none of the *tedium* of a slow progress. The great crowd of people and of vehicles going all one way; the variety of individuals and characters; the total abandonment of all reserve; the hailings and the chaffings; the jests and the snatches of song; the grotesque decorations of some of the horses and carriages, and even of some of the people; the perfect novelty of the scene; and the exhilaration of all animated creatures that composed it, made every step of the progress charming to the unaccustomed minds and eyes of our new-comers.

Drusilla and Anna were delighted. Little Lenny shouted. Pina was not a whit behind them in her ecstacies. Old General Lyon's eyes twinkled and lips smiled, and sometimes he broke into a good hearty laugh. As for Dick, the oldest Derby-goer on the road could not have got a head of him in bandying back the jokes that were bandied at him on the way. Only Jacob, hanging on behind, stared with "all his [illegible]" and looked as if he thought he was enjoying a pleasant sort of nightmare.

"I say, you jolly old howl (owl)," called a cockney from a neighboring carriage to General Lyon, "where did you get that gorilla you've got perched up behind there, heh?"

"From a country where they muzzle monkies sometimes," retorted Dick, answering for the general.

So it went on.

"But this is nothing at all to what it will be when we are out of London and fairly on to the Epsom road," shouted Henry Spencer from his gig behind.

"I never saw the Carnival at Rome; but I should think it was not very unlike this," said the general.

"This is the Carnival of London! Old Rome had its Saturnalia; modern Rome has its Carnival; America has her Independence Day; but England has her Derby, equal to all these others rolled into one," said Francis Tredeger.

"If this is only the beginning, it is worth crossing the Atlantic to see—not the Derby race only, but the Derby day!" said the general.

"Only wait till you get to Epsom!" exclaimed Henry Spencer.

Once fairly upon the Epsom road, our friends found it as their guests had predicted. The crowd, great as it had been before, was even greater now. And it thickened with every mile; the numbers of passengers increasing two fold, ten fold, a hundred fold, as they approached the bourne of their journey.

The road was as one vast river of human beings and brute creatures, pouring its multitudes towards Epsom. And every cross country road was as a tributary stream helping to swell the flood.

Every description of wheeled vehicles known to the civilized world—broughams, barouches, landeaus, chaises, buggies, sulkies, gigs, rockaways, carryalls, omnibusses, stages, brakes, carts, drags, waggons, jaunting cars, in an endless number and variety, and drawn by every available species of quadrupeds—horses, mules, donkeys, goats, dogs, oxen—thronged and crushed and pressed together for miles and miles behind and before on the main road and up and down every branch road—crowding towards Epsom.

In this vast, moving, mixed multitude the only saving feature was this, that they were all moving the same way, and all, or nearly all, in high good humor.

Pressed on all sides as they were—behind, before, on the right and on the left, our friends in the barouche and their young guests in the gig managed to keep together;—sometimes brought to a stand still, sometimes moving on at the rate of an inch a minute.

"Now you understand why it was necessary to start so early, though Epsom is but fourteen miles from London, and though the great race does not come off before two o'clock," called out young Spencer.

"Yes; and I begin to see the wisdom of those who went down to Epsom last night to avoid all this," answered the general.

"Ah, but they were either old stagers who had experienced this sort of thing many times before, or else individuals who had some deep stake in the races to come off to-day. For my own part, I enjoy the going and returning—the 'road,' in short, quite as much as anything else appertaining to the great Derby Day."

"It is a novel and interesting sight, in its contrasts if in nothing else," replied the general, glancing from the handsome barouche decorated with a duke's coronet painted on its panels, and occupied by an aristocratic party of stately men and elegant women, in splendid apparel, that crowded him on the right—to the old dilapidated omnibus, filled within and without with the ragged refuse of the London streets and alleys, which pressed him on the left.

But truth to tell, the ragamuffins seemed the merrier, if not the richer party of the two.

And many jests flew over General Lyon's head between the Bohemians in the old omnibus and a young member of the ducal family who occupied a seat on the box beside the coachman. For that one day "free-born Britons" of every rank enjoyed something like liberty and equality—not to say unbridled license.

"Hey day! what's the matter now?" exclaimed the general, as the whole immense march, with much rearing and plunging of quadrupeds, came to a dead halt.

"There's a lock at the turnpike gate, sir," called out a vagrant from the old 'bus.

"A lock on the toll-gate! It's a shame," replied the innocent old gentleman; "the gate should never be locked in the day-time, and most especially on such a day as this, when they must keep such a vast multitude of people waiting while they unlock it."

This speech was greeted by a burst of ironical applause from all the occupants of the old omnibus, as well as from all others who heard it. They laughed at the speaker and chaffed him.

"You change all that when you get into parliament," sang out one.

"I say! what's your name, you jolly old soul? Is it old King Cole?" inquired another.

Then all in the old omnibus sang out together:

"Old King Cole was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he—
He called for his bottle, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his comrades three!"

"Dick, what the deuce have I said wrong? What do they mean?" inquired the general, much annoyed at finding himself the centre of observation.

"You have said nothing wrong, and they mean nothing offensive. It is the Derby Day! That accounts for all, don't you see?" answered Dick, laughing.

"But about the lock. They were chaffing me about *that*."

"Oh, you know that there is *now* more than one lock at every turnpike gate. There is the legitimate lock under the charge of the keeper; and there is a lock of interlocked carriage wheels, reaching, perhaps, for ten miles along the road."

"I knew once a lock of fourteen miles long, all caused by an ill-conditioned fellow in a brougham, who stopped the way at the toll-gate for twenty minutes, disputing about his change," said the young gentleman who was seated beside the coachman on the right-hand carriage; for on this latitudinarian day English reserve was laid aside, and strangers spoke together as familiar friends.

But the general's fine barouche was the centre of observation just now, and all on account of the general's "gorilla footman," as the Bohemians called young Jacob.

Unluckily for his peace to-day, Jacob, with one of the best hearts in the world, and a tolerably good brain, possessed all the peculiar features of his race. He had the low, receding forehead, broad, flat nose, wide, full lips, and small, retiring chin, jet black skin, and crisp, woolly hair of the pure Guinea negro—all of which was likely to render him an object of great amusement to the malicious crowd, and annoyance to his master and friends.

"I say, old cove, you show it free now, like the circus men do the clowns when they go in procession; but how much are you going to charge a head to see it when you get it in a booth on Epsom Heath?" called out one.

"Marster!" cried Jacob, half crying and ready to swear—"Marster! only let me, and I'll jump down and lick the lot of 'em!"

"Oh, I say, fellows, it can talk!" cried another.

"Let me at 'em!" begged Jacob.

"Nonsense, my boy! You'd get trampled to death under the horses' feet before you could grapple with any of them. They mean no harm. It is the Derby Day. Give them back as good as they send."

"But I haven't got it in me," sobbed Jake.

"Oh! yes you have. Let 'em have it!"

But Jake's idea of "letting 'em have it" was of a more substantial sort than mere words. Stooping down, he armed himself with a couple of ale bottles, and flourishing one in each hand, he threatened one and all of his aggressors.

"Eh! eh! is it growing vicious?" called out some one with a shout of laughter.

The ale bottle flew from Jake's right hand and knocked off the hat of the speaker.

"Oh, I say! look here! none of that now, you know! that's carrying things a little too far even for the Derby Day!" exclaimed the bare-headed individual, groping in vain for his hat, but keeping his good humor.

"Oh! see here, governor! Here's your ape getting dangerous! chain it hup before it 'urts some un!" sang out another.

Away flew the other ale bottle and struck this counsellor in the chest and knocked him heels over head.

"Hi! ho! here! where's the police!" called out a half score of voices.

But the police was not forthcoming, and the floored man picked himself up, laughing merrily and saying good-humoredly:

"Boys, we're getting the worst of it! Better let the gorilla alone!"

But the general turned to his coachman, frowning:

"Jacob, I am ashamed of you! Here a set of poor fellows out for their rare holiday chaffing you a little with harmless words, and you answer them with hard blows!"

"You told me to 'let 'em have it,'" muttered Jake.

"But not in *blows*; in *words*, you stupid fellow!"

"I couldn't answer 'em so."

"But suppose they retorted in kind? They can throw missiles as well as you can."

"They are welkim!" grumbled Jake.

"What, and hurt and may be kill the ladies? Jake! I'm more ashamed of you than ever."

A commotion in the crowd ahead, a gradual unloosening of the lock of wheels, warned our travellers that the way was clear, and carriages of all sorts moved on, at first slowly, and then as the throng thinned more rapidly, until it began to look like the multitudinous race of fast trotting horses in harness on the Bloomingdale Road.

And the quiet "chaffing" became hilarious shouting as one after another of fast drivers distanced all competitors. And now indeed the Derby dust arose in clouds like the sirocco of the desert, until every man and mother's son had to put on a veil.

Old General Lyon resisted the fate as long as he could, until, as Harry Spencer had predicted, his eyes, ears, nostrils and bronchial tubes were all so much obstructed that he was nearly blinded, deafened, suffocated and overwhelmed. Then he let Anna dust off his face and head with an extra pocket-handkerchief, and tie a gray veil about his hat, as they drove on.

"I wish some sort of a veil could be contrived to protect these hedges," said Anna, pointing to the boundaries of the road on the right and left. "It is a sin to cover these lovely green hedges with a thick coat of dust. But oh, grandpa! look, there's poetry for you! look at that sign!"

The old gentleman turned and smiled to see a rural-looking wayside inn, embowered in creeping vines and running roses, and overshadowed by trees, and bearing the inscription in two lines of rhyme:

"Good Beer
Sold Here."

A little group of foot passengers to the Derby were sitting on a bench under a spreading tree, testing the qualities of the said "good beer."

This and many other simple little way-side scenes, illustrative of English rural road-side life, which the occasional opening of the crowd allowed them to catch a glimpse of, remained as pleasant pictures in the gallery of memory to contemplate in after-days.

They were now ascending a graduated hill; when they reached its summit they were comparatively free from the crowd. The carriages before them had gone rapidly on downward; the carriages behind them were coming slowly up.

"Order your coachman to draw up here, general. We are near Epsom, and from this rising ground, by standing up in your carriage and using your field-glass, you may take a bird's-eye view of Epsom Hill and Heath, with its surroundings," said Mr. Tredegar, adding example to precept by stopping his own horse.

The general gave orders in accordance with this advice, and then mounted on his seat, and levelled his field-glass.

"Good-Heavens!" he exclaimed, in his unbounded amazement.

Under his eyes lay a scene of its kind not to be equalled in this world.

There were from four to five hundred thousand people of all ranks, sexes, ages, and conditions,—some with their horses, carriages, and liveried servants; others with their donkey-carts, and tents, and wares for sale; others again with only their own weary limbs and haggard faces, and fluttering rags,—all gathered together on the hill and heath of Epsom, or pressing thither by every highway leading from every point of the compass.

"I never expected to see such a crowd this side of the Judgment day!" said General Lyon, as he resigned the glass to Anna and assisted her to rise on the seat.

Anna gazed long and thoughtfully at the wonderful scene, and then she said:

"But it reminds one of the Judgment day in something else beside its great crowd—here, as on that coming day saint and sinner, prince and beggar stand together as they will stand there! It is an exciting and a depressing scene, grandpa," she said, as she restored the glass and resumed her seat.

Drusilla next arose to take a view. And she was no doubt as deeply impressed by the vastness of the multitude assembled before her as her uncle and cousin had been, but her chief thought was still.

"How shall I ever be able to catch a glimpse of my Alick in such a boundless crowd as this?"

Dick was standing by her side, using his own field-glass.

"Worth crossing the Ocean to see, is it not, Drusa?" he asked.

"Yes; even though we know little of horses, and less of races, and least of all which is likely to win the Derby."

"'Fairy Queen,' is the favorite, I believe."

"What did you say, Dick?"

"I say Mr. Chisolm Cheke's 'Fairy Queen' is the favorite?"

"What favorite? Whose favorite?"

"Tut, Drusa! Why the favorite of the turf, of the stables, and of the betting men! The horse upon whose success the most money is staked, the one that is expected to win the Derby?"

"But if every body knows which horse is likely to win the Derby, why does any one ever bet on any other?"

"Ah! that I can't tell," said Dick, shrugging his shoulders. "Only this,—the favorite does not *always* win, in fact *seldom* does, I think; it is generally some dark horse that wins the race."

"Dark horse? Do the dark ones run better than the light ones?"

"Oh, Drusa, what a novice you are, my child! I don't mean a dark-colored horse; I mean a horse kept dark, *perdu*, in retirement, that nobody talks about or hears about, except certain knowing ones."

"And does the dark horse always win?"

"No, not always, but often; sometimes some intermediate, honest horse that is neither bragged about on the one hand, nor 'kept dark' on the other, surprises everybody by winning the race, and also occasionally the favorite wins.

"Well, we will not bet; we are all conscientiously opposed to betting; but if we were not, we should stake our money upon the dark horse. But how would we know him?"

"We shouldn't know him at all; none but the few in the secret would know him."

"Come, come, my children, we are being left behind," said the general, impatiently.

"And I do not care much for the winning

horse, and that is the truth. But I care a great deal for the human interest in this vast scene! Will the Derby ever go down and pass away, like the other glories of this world? And will we say to our great grandchildren in the Derby of their days: 'Ah, you should have seen the Derby as it was when we were young!' Shall we talk so to our descendants, Dick?"

"Goodness knows? The Derby may continue to increase in importance; it ought to do so; I hope it may," replied Dick, as he resumed his seat.

Jacob started his horses, and they drove down the hill at a very rapid rate.

On each side of the road were now to be seen the dust-brown tents of the gipsey wanderers; the decorated booths of the showmen; the tempting fruit-stalls of the costermongers; and among them all, groups of country people and knots of cockneys, and all the heterogeneous assembly of bipeds and quadrupeds that on the Derby Day infest the neighborhood of Epsom.

Slowly making their way through all these, our party reached and passed the first barrier (for Epsom Heath is divided off into circles, the entrance to each succeeding one towards the hill or the Grand Stand, commanding a higher and higher price).

Our friends found themselves upon the heath, that was occupied by very much the same sort of crowd which had obstructed the roads leading hither. It was dotted all over by gipsies' tents, fruit stalls, refreshment-stands, costomonger's carts, and so forth, and so forth, and animated by idlers, loafers, peddlers, ballad-singers, image-boys, fortune-tellers, "confidence" men, and women, thieves, gamblers, and, in short, every variety of the lower order of human nature.

Passing through all these—passing barrier after barrier, and circle after circle, our party at last found themselves upon the fine breezy and commanding hill, which was comparatively free from the crowd, and occupied only by the carriages of the nobility and gentry, filled with fair women and well-behaved men.

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE GIPSIES.

"Theirs is the deep lore of the olden time,
And in it are fine mysteries of the stars
Solved with a cunning wisdom, and strange thoughts,
Half prophecy, half poetry, and dreams
Clearer than truth, and speculations wild
That touched the secrets of your very soul."

The general and his friends selected the best front sites that were left vacant and had their carriages turned around and the horses taken from them and led away to distant stalls and fodder.

Then all re-seated themselves and looked around them.

What a sight! what a crowd! what a turmoil! Far as the eye could reach on every side a turbulent sea of humanity!

Where could the people all have sprung from? Had London emptied itself of its population upon Epsom Heath? Had Paris, St. Petersburg and all the great continental cities contributed their thousands? Had earth given up her dead and ocean her prey to swell this crowd?

At first, as I said, all seemed but a turbulent sea of human beings; but gradually individual images came out of the confusion.

Most prominent among these was the Grand Stand, an elevated and railed platform or gallery where the gamblers in horseflesh congregated to make up their betting-books and watch the race.

And most interesting, especially to ladies, was the Royal Box, with its cushioned seats, surmounted by its crown and canopy of state all in burning scarlet and gold. Neither the queen nor any of the princesses occupied the Royal Box; only three or four of the princes, with their lords in waiting, were present.

Yet towards that box many field-glasses were levelled—Anna's among the rest, for—

"A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by."

And failing the queen's presence, the queen's sons were objects of absorbing interest.

"Neither Victoria nor any of the princesses are here," said Anna, lowering her glass with a look of disappointment.

"The queen nor the princesses ever come to the Derby. You may see them at the Ascot Races, however, which are considered more aristocratic, though very much less famous and popular than these," replied Mr. Spencer, who had left his seat in the gig to come and stand beside General Lyon's barouche and talk to the young people.

Anna next criticized the splendid dresses of the ladies who filled the open carriages on this hill; and for no occasion do ladies dress more splendidly than for the Derby Day.

"Good gracious! Half the milliner's and jewellers' establishments in London and Paris must be emptied of their contents," she exclaimed, as her eyes roved over the various and dazzling display.

Out from the seething mass of humanity on the heath below came other individual pictures: Here and there a poor little pale, hollow-cheeked boy creeping feebly along and peering hungrily about for stray crusts and bones, or apple parings, and orange peel, dropped from the luncheon hamper of some prosperous feeder; now and then some grandly beautiful woman whose flaunting dress and insolent air proclaimed her a very far fallen angel; here and there some sunny-eyed child of Italy picking up a few pennies by singing the "wild songs of his dear native land," and everywhere a leather-visaged gipsy crone trying to improve her own fortunes by telling other people's; everywhere professors of all sorts of irregular arts and sciences; everywhere traders in all kinds of contraband goods and chattels; and everywhere were the "efficient police force" trying very successfully not to keep order; trying very hard not to interfere with the lawful or unlawful practices of the poor, on this one gracious day of their license and their happiness. A pickpocket, if detected, would be arrested, of course; but as for the rest, gipsies might tell fortunes, and beggars beg, and starving little children pilfer, with none to punish them less merciful than the All-Father.

There was so much to see! such an infinite variety of life! The Derby race, though the greatest feature of the day, was not a thousandth part of the sights. If no race had come off, the assembly itself was well worth coming to see and sitting through a whole day to study.

Anna, Drusilla and General Lyon, were well content to occupy their seats and spend their time in calmly contemplating the scene before them.

But the three young men, Dick, Spencer and Tredegar, wished to mingle with the active life below, and so, making an excuse to go and get cards of the race, they bowed and left the hill and soon disappeared in the crowd on the heath.

Many other gentlemen who were in attendance upon the ladies on the hill, also left their carriages and went down; others who had been down were now coming up;—so that there was a continual moving about of foot-passengers.

"Look, look, Drusilla! there is a gipsy telling fortunes at that carriage next but one o us, ont the left! Grandpa, when she has finished there, do beckon her to come here!" eagerly exclaimed Anna.

"Nonsense, my child! you never want the crone to tell your fortune!"

"Oh, yes, but I do indeed!" exclaimed Anna, excitedly.

"Tut, tut! you don't believe in such tomfoolery!"

"No, I don't believe in it of course; but I want to hear what the gipsy will have to say to me for all that. Do watch her, grandpa; and, as soon as she has done with those ladies call her here. Consider, I never saw a gipsy except upon the stage—never saw a real gipsy in my life before, and may never have a chance of seeing one again! Oh, do call her here, grandpa, as soon as she is at liberty!"

"Well, well, my dear, you have the right to make a goose of yourself if you please, and I will help you to do so. I will beckon her presently."

"Ah, there's Dick come back! Dick, come here, I want you!" called Anna.

And Dick, who had left his companions among their betting friends and returned to the hill alone, now came up to the carriage.

"Dick, I'm so glad you've come back! There's a gipsy telling fortunes at that carriage—I want you to bring her here to tell ours."

"Absurdity, Anna dear! you cannot mean to countenance such impostors?"

"Oh, Dick, that is so uncharitable! How do you know they are impostors? How do you know but that they believe in their own art?"

"Do *you* believe in it?"

"No; but I want to have some fun out of the gipsy."

"Very well; I consent, provided it is meant in jest and not in earnest."

"And here, Dick, let us put the gipsy's powers to a test. You come in and sit down by me—then take little Lenny in your arms and play papa. Little Lenny being fair and flaxen-haired and blue-eyed, with all the Lyon features, is much more like me than like his own mother, whom in truth he does not at all resemble, and he will easily be taken for ours. And the more easily because you and I look as if we had reached years of discretion, while Drusilla seems but a child. Let us play a trick on the gipsy, and ask her to foretell *our* boy's future!"

"Ha, ha, ha! that will be good!"

Not one word of the conversation since Dick's return did Drusilla hear—with her field-glass raised to her eyes, she was gazing at a particular point on the Grand Stand; for, even in that boundless crowd, her love had discovered her Alick—but, ah, discovered him among the desperate gamblers of the betting ring!

She was blind and deaf to every thing else.

Meanwhile the gipsy had drawn something nearer to the General's barouche. She was in fact standing beside the very next carriage, trying to wheedle the occupants to have their fortunes told; but they all—a circle of demure women—sternly warned the sibyl off and threatened her with the police, at which she laughed and shook her crisp, black curls.

"The police would not trouble a poor gipsy wife like herself," she said.

Then General Lyon bent over the side of his barouche, and showing her a broad, silver crown, said:

"Come here, good woman, and tell these young ladies' fortunes."

"Ah, Heaven bless your handsome face, kind gentleman; but I would like to tell *yours*, too, for a fine fortune it has, been, and is, and is to be!" said the gipsy coming up to the carriage.

She was a small, slight woman, lithe and graceful like all her race, with a swarthy and somewhat wrinkled face; with deep-set, brilliant black eyes; crisply curling, tendril-like, black hair; and well-marked black eye-brows. She did not wear the traditional red cloak and plaid head kerchief—those have long passed away even from among her tribe; but she wore rather tawdry and shabby finery—a striped skirt, a black shawl, a straw bonnet, trimmed with ribbons and flowers of many colors, red predominating. And, upon the whole, her appearance was picturesque and pleasing. Neither did she address her dupes in the poetic language of the ideal gipsy—her words and manners were as real as herself.

"God save you, fair gentlemen! God save you, sweet ladies! Shall the poor gipsy tell your fortunes? I see good luck in *your* face, pretty lady! I see great good luck! Give the poor gipsy a little, little bit of silver to cross your hand with, and she will look and see what the great good fortune is that is in store for you. Do, pretty lady," she pleaded in a very sweet, soft, wheedling tone as she held out her hand to Anna.

Mrs. Hammond dropped a shilling in her palm and, smiling, said:

"My fortune is already told, good woman, but I want you to foretell the future of my dear little son here." And she lifted Lenny from Dick's arms to her own lap.

Drusilla, with a half-suppressed exclamation, now looked around.

But Anna gave her a comically beseeching look, and she yielded the point and turned away.

The gipsy seemed not to notice this little by-play. She stood with her hands folded upon her breast and her eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Come, gipsy! look upon my little son here and read his future," said Anna.

The gipsy woman raised her glittering black eyes, and, smiling, shook her tendril-like black curls and said:

"Ah, pretty fair lady! You think the poor gipsy can tell what is *to come*, yet is so blind she cannot see what is *now*!—no!"

"What do you mean, good woman?"

"The boy is not your son, sweet lady."

"Not my son! Why, look at him! He is the very image of me!"

"He is very like you, pretty lady; and that shows him to be of your race; but he is not your son."

"How do you know that?" questioned Anna, beginning to wonder at the woman's knowledge.

"By my art. You have no son, sweet lady. You will never have a son; but——"

"Oh, don't tell me that, gipsy! I didn't give you a shilling to purchase bad news."

"A sovereign will not buy good news unless it is true, pretty lady; and the gipsy's words are true. I was going to tell you, though you have no son and will never have a son, you will have many fair daughters, who will live and grow up and marry and bear many fine sons, who will grow up and be great men in the land."

"This is foretelling the long future with a notable blessing!" laughed Anna. "But I wish you had promised these fine sons to me instead of to my future daughters. I don't care anything about those very shadowy young ladies. I don't know them."

The gipsy turned to Dick, and with her musical whine pleaded:

"Kind, handsome gentleman, do cross the poor gipsy wife's hand with a little, little bit of silver, for telling all about your wife's daughters and daughters' sons, who will be rulers in the land beyond the sea."

"How do you know that lady is my wife?" inquired Dick, much astonished.

"Ah! good gentleman, can the gipsy know the future and not know the present? Now, kind, handsome gentleman, give the poor gipsy a bit of silver for good luck—the poor gipsy, sweet gentleman! who sees such great, good fortune for you, and none at all for herself!"

"Then she is no true seeress, or she would see this piece of good fortune coming to her," said Dick, as in the largeness of his heart and the extravagance of his habits he put into the gipsy's hands the great American gold coin, the double eagle, worth nearly five sovereigns.

The gipsy had never seen such a coin in her life. It inspired her, and for once she broke into something like poetry:

"Ah, noble gentleman! you have made the poor gipsy rich and happy. Ah! kind gentleman, may the stars rain down blessings on your head as bright as their own beams! May flowers spring up under your footsteps wherever you tread! May——"

"Dick!" laughed Anna, breaking into the discourse and cutting short the rhapsody, "I shall lend you out to some of our old neighbors to walk their barren gardens into bloom!"

"Come," said Dick, to change the subject—"come, gipsy, tell my little cousin's fortune, here. Will she live to grow up and get married?"

The gipsy turned at his bidding and looked at Drusilla, whose childlike face might have deceived eyes less keenly penetrating than those of the gipsy seeress.

"Cross the poor gipsy's hand with a little, little bit of silver, sweet lady, and let her tell your fortune, my lady? The gipsy sees rare good luck in your pretty face, my lady?" said the woman, in a wheedling tone.

What young creature, unsatisfied and with a deep heartstake in life, is not in some degree a prey to superstition and credulity?—is not in secret a would-be diviner of dreams, interpreter of omens, consulter of the stars, reader of the future? The restless, longing, impatient heart can not wait the slow revelations of time; it would with rash hand rend aside the veil and know the worst or best at once.

So it was with Drusilla now. She dropped a silver crown in the gipsy's hand, and then, half in faith and half in scorn of that misplaced faith, she held out her palm.

The gipsy glanced slightly at the palm, but gazed earnestly in the face of the young matron.

"My lady, you have been a wife and you are a mother; you have had trouble—long trouble for so short a life, and great trouble for so gentle a lady; but it is gone now, and it will never come back any more."

"Thank Heaven for that," murmured Drusilla.

"But you are not satisfied yet. There is something wanted, my lady. You have a hungry, hungry heart, and a begging eye. You are longing and famishing for something, my lady, and you will get it; for the hungry heart is a mighty heart, and must prevail; and the begging eye is a conquering eye that will overcome. Sweet, my lady, grief has gone away, never to come back to you; and joy will soon come, never to leave you."

"Oh, if I were sure that were true. If I could only believe that!" exclaimed Drusilla, earnestly.

"You may believe it, my lady. You will soon see it."

"How do you know it?"

"By my art," answered the gipsy.

And then she turned to General Lyon and said, coaxingly:

"Ah! kind, handsome gentleman, you will cross the poor gipsy's hand with a little silver to help her, poor thing, and she will tell you such a good fortune!"

"My fortune is all told these many years past, good woman," said the General, with a sigh that did not escape the gipsy's keen eyes.

"Ah! don't say so, good, dear gentleman. You have many long and happy years of life to live yet."

"I am an old man, gipsy; I have lived out my life."

"Ah no, noble gentleman, not so. You are in your prime. Ah me! with your grand form and handsome face, you could make many a sweet, pretty lady's heart ache yet if you choose; yes, that you could."

"Come, come, my good woman, that is going a little too far," laughed the General, not displeased. What old gentleman ever is with a little flattery?

"It is going a *great deal* too far, grandpa. Come now, don't let her be putting courtship and matrimony into your head. I won't have any young grandmamma set up at old Lyon Hall to lord it over me," laughed Anna.

"Nonsense, my girl! The only way in which I may ever make any lady's heart ache, will be by getting the gout, and growing cross over it, and growling at you and Drusilla from morning until night," said the General.

At that moment a policeman stepped up and put his hand on the gipsy's shoulder, saying:

"Come, Gentilly, I have had my eye on you this half hour. Move on."

"Ah, bless the dear blue eyes of him," coaxed the fortune-teller, turning around and patting the man's cheeks, "he'll never make the poor old gipsy wife move on, now that she has come up to her luck—such luck, my darling. Only see what the grand, noble young gentleman has given the poor gipsy. When the race is over, come up to my tent, pet, and have a pot of porter and a plate of biled beef and carrots with his old mother," she added, patting him on the cheek again and turning from him.

"That's the way, you see, sir—that always the way with Gentilly," said the policeman, apologetically, to the old gentleman.

"You know her?" inquired Dick.

"Know Gentilly? Bless you, sir, every body on the race-course knows Gentilly and her sister, Patience."

"And you know no harm of her, I dare say, although you are a police officer."

"Well, sir, beyond——"

"Now he is not going to tell lies on the old gipsy!—It will be three o'clock. Come up at my tent for the biled beef and carrots and the pot of porter," said the fortune-teller, laying her hands upon the lips of the police officer.

At that moment the two young men stepped up. Gentilly turned to them immediately.

"Tell your fortune, sweet young gentlemen? Cross the poor gipsy's hand with silver to tell your fortune."

"No, thank you," laughed Spencer. "I have had my fortune told by members of your tribe at least ten times to-day."

"But here's half a crown for you if you'll only go away and not bother," added Tredegar, dropping the coin into the gipsy's hand.

"Blessings on your handsome face, kind gentleman! Ah! I could tell you of a fair lady who is thinking of you," coaxed Gentilly.

"And thinking what a long-legged, lantern-jawed, lank-haired fright the Yankee boy is, no doubt. All right; you can tell me that another time; but go now and don't bother."

"Yes, Gentilly, you really must move on," added the policeman.

And the fortune-teller, having gleaned all that she could from the company, did move on.

And now an agitation like the movement of the wind upon the waves of the sea or the leaves of the forest, swayed the vast multitude.

"What's the matter now?" inquired the General.

"The horses—they are coming," answered Spencer.

"Is it the great race? Are they going to start?"

"Not just yet. They are being brought out and walked around the course to be shown. Here they are!" exclaimed Tredegar.

All in the barouche stood up, adjusted their field glasses, and levelled them at the race course that encircled the field.

About thirty of the very finest horses in the world, decorated, and ridden by small, light jockeys in parti-colored suits and fancy caps, came on in procession and trotted around the course. Some three years ago these horses, "the cream of the cream" of the horse nobility, had been bred and born to order, and from that time trained for this Derby—a most careful and costly preparation of three years for a trial that would be decided in half an hour. No wonder at the breathless interest they excited even among those who had no stake in the race.

Involuntary exclamations of admiration and delight burst from the ladies of our party.

"What beautiful creatures!" cried Anna.

"Pity they can't *all* win," added Drusilla.

The train of horses trotted out of their range of vision, and disappeared from view on another section of the circle.

"Is there time to lunch before the great race?" inquired Dick, with a hungry glance at the hampers.

"No, sir; they start in fifteen minutes," answered Tredagar.

Those fifteen minutes passed in silent waiting. Fortune-telling, small-trading, ballad-singing, eating and drinking—all were suspended until the trial upon which such immense stakes were laid should be over. It was a holiday,—a festival; yet the hush that preceded the great event of the day, was like the awful pause before an execution.

At length the spell was broken. The word went forth:

"They're starting!"

Three hundred thousand people were on their feet in an instant.

"They're coming!"

Field glasses were raised and necks were stretched, and eyes were strained.

"Here they are! Here they are!"

Yes, here they are. The flying train of meteors flashing past! They are gone while we look! Unaccustomed eyes cannot trace their flight, or distinguish one horse from another in the lightning-like passage. A moment more and the goal is won!

By whom?

It is not certainly known to the crowd just yet. They say:

"Lightfoot!"

"Wing!"

"Wonder!"

No, none of these. The number flies up on the winning post:

Number Seven!

And a thousand voices cry out:

"Fairy Queen!"

Yes, the favorite has won the race; and Mr. Chisholm Cheke has made his fortune. Some few others have won much money, and many have lost, and some are ruined.

Do not look towards the Grand Stand. The haggard faces of those ruined gamesters will haunt your dreams to your life's end.

It was wonderful how soon after the great act of this drama had been performed that the uncompromised crowd subsided into comparative calmness, and betook themselves again to their outside amusements—their small trading, fortune-telling, ballad-singing, et cetera, while waiting for the next race.

General Lyon ordered up his hampers, and his party had luncheon. After they had finished, the fragments of their feast were distributed to the little beggars that thronged around their carriage-wheels.

At four o'clock our party left the ground to return to London.

The evening drive back to London was attended with all the incidents of the morning drive to Epsom—a hundred-fold increased—the crowd was the thicker, the crush closer, the noise louder, the dust higher, the danger greater.

Through all these, however, our party passed safely, and reached their apartments at the Morley House in time for an early tea.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

In the meantime, Fenton rode musingly to Newport, arranging in his own mind the means by which he would unmask Nina to Mrs. Hawks.

He did not disguise to himself the difficulty of the undertaking, for he was well aware of that lady's aversion to himself; but he would not despair of success, for on the defeat of her rival, depended the restoration of Inez to her aunt's favor, and on that depended the possibility of his future union with her.

Godfrey Fenton admitted this to himself with a pang; loving her as he did—pledged to her as he was, he knew himself too well to venture on a union with an almost dowerless bride when his marriage would be sure to offend the mother on whom his wordly prosperity depended.

Fenton's first object was to see Mr. Manly, and he dismounted in front of a row of law offices, and, looking over the names affixed to the different doors, soon found the one he was in search of.

The lawyer was within, and alone. A large tin box was open on the table before him, the interior of which was divided into several compartments, each one of sufficient size to contain a considerable number of papers.

A glance at the box showed the visitor that the letter H was conspicuously painted on the front of it, and he congratulated himself on having made his visit at a most opportune moment. Mr. Manly was evidently overlooking the Horton papers in the forlorn hope of finding the trust hidden away among them.

He arose, and received Fenton with stiff politeness; he offered him a chair, and then impatiently swept away the deeds over which he had been looking, and turned to his guest as if ready to listen to the business that brought him there.

Fenton smiled, and said:

"I must introduce myself, I perceive, Mr. Manly, for you have no recollection of having seen me before. I am Godfrey Fenton, the betrothed husband of Miss Lopez, and in that character I have called on you, as I am told that you have been the legal adviser of her mother's family for many years."

Mr. Manly bowed gravely, though a sudden grayness swept over his face which did not escape the observant eyes fastened on him.

"I am happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Fenton," he said, "and I shall be glad to do what I can for you, if you wish to consult with me on that young lady's affairs."

"I come hither for that purpose, and I think you can do a great deal for me, Mr. Manly. But I must first assure you that I come from Mr. Lopez himself, with full powers to make such inquiries as he is not in a condition to prosecute himself. He has learned from his sister-in-law, Mrs. Hawks, that she has executed a will bequeathing her fortune to a girl not allied to her by blood, and as Mr. Lopez is certain that a paper was in your possession which takes from the old lady the right to dispose of the Horton estate to the injury of his daughter, he has commissioned me to call on you, and ascertain if it is safe."

While Fenton spoke thus, the lawyer could not entirely command his saturnine face. He seemed troubled as well as surprised, and quickly asked:

"How could Mr. Lopez be aware of the existence of such an instrument as you refer to? Mr. Horton never, I am sure, confided such information to him. They were not on friendly terms with each other, and I do not think that any communication passed between them previous to the old gentleman's death."

"But you do not deny that such a settlement was made, Mr. Manly? I am fully assured of that fact, as well as Mr. Lopez."

"Indeed! Then what has become of it, for I assure you that it is not, and never has been in my possession?"

Fenton hesitated but a moment. He then looked firmly in the lawyer's face, and replied:

"That does not tally, sir, with what you confided to a friend of mine. Mrs. Langley repeated to me what passed between you and herself last evening, on this subject, though I must do her the justice to state that she did so with the understanding that it should not be spoken of. To no one, save yourself, and those most vitally interested in this affair, would I have done so; but in a case of such magnitude I could not hesitate as to the course I must pursue. In consequence of what Mrs. Langley told me, I have called on you on behalf of Mr. Lopez and his daughter. I am aware that you are friendly to their cause, and would gladly serve Miss Lopez as far as lies in your power."

Manly nodded assent, and after a pause, asked:

"Did Mrs. Langley give you the impression that the will of Mr. Horton was actually in my possession, Mr. Fenton?"

"That was what I understood, sir."

"Then you are mistaken. I wish it had been so, for I should then be in a better position to do battle for this young lady's rights. I am warmly interested in Miss Lopez, though I am afraid that I am powerless to serve her. I was, when you came in, giving a thorough examination to the Horton papers in the faint hope that I had overlooked the one which could have thrown some light on this subject. But, during a temporary illness, my keyes were lately used, and it was stolen from me: not the will itself, remember, but the clue to where it might be found."

"This is very strange. Pray explain, if you please, Mr. Manly."

"Of course I will, painful as it is to me to do so. Mr. Horton was a singular and suspicious man; he disliked Mr. Lopez exceedingly, and he took every precaution to prevent him from knowing that he designed to leave his estate in such a way as would ensure its transmission to his granddaughter. He wrote his will himself, for in early life he had studied law, and concealed it in the old house at Oakland. He left with me a sealed envelope, to be opened on the day Miss Lopez attained her nineteenth year, and informed me that in that I should find the spot indicated in which his will was to be found.

"That, sir, is the paper that was stolen, by whom, or for what purpose, I cannot understand. I would freely give half my fortune to regain it, for such a thing never happened to me before, and how deeply I feel it you can scarcely understand. Mrs. Hawks's will is made; I drew it up myself, and there is no hope that justice will be done to her niece, unless I can recover the clue to the settlement."

"I believe, Mr. Manly, that Mr. Lopez can point out to you the place in which it was concealed. Something so singular has occurred, that much as I have hitherto doubted supernatural influences, I cannot refuse to believe in this instance, because they have been so singularly corroborated by what you have just told me."

The lawyer looked at him as if he thought Fenton was losing his senses, but that gentleman calmly went on:

"Mr. Lopez *dreamed* of the spot in which the will so important to his daughter was to be found; for in spite of Mr. Horton's precautions [illegible] that some [illegible] executed. He insists that his wife came to him and warned him of its place of concealment, accurately describing it."

"But, my dear sir, the will was made after the death of Mrs. Lopez, and she could have known nothing of its existence."

"True—but the strangest part of it is, that she says her father communicated to her that it had been made and hidden away when they met in the spirit land."

The lip of Manly curled, and he cynically said:

"Such a vision as that was worthy of an opium-eater, for such I know Lopez to be. But he will get no man of sound mind to believe it."

"But you have not yet heard all, sir. Impressed with the belief that what was revealed to him more than once must have some significance, Mr. Lopez sent his daughter to Oakland to examine the library. She found the hiding-place her father had so accurately described, but—it was empty."

The two men looked each other straight in the eyes, and Manly hastily said:

"Then the loss of the trust was less important than I believed. The old man changed his mind, I suppose, and destroyed his will. In that case Miss Lopez must lose her fortune; I am sorry for it, but it cannot now be helped."

"I cannot agree with you, Mr. Manly; for that is not all I have to reveal. Miss Lopez spent the night at Oakland, and slept in the room from which the library opens. In the night two men entered it, in pursuit of the very paper she had been baffled in finding. A light had been left burning in her room; one of the intruders opened the door of communication and discovered that the apartment was occupied. His companion, fearing that she might give an alarm which would bring the farmer in charge of the place upon them, spoke to her and avowed the object of his visit to the place. When she spoke in reply he recognized her voice, though his was entirely unknown to her, and called her by her name. He was angry and excited, and accused a man named Wilkins of having been beforehand with them both in securing what he had gone to Oakland to seek."

"Wilkins—what Wilkins? There must be some mistake."

"The man I refer to is the nephew of the farmer who has charge of the place, and he was there the same day that Miss Lopez arrived. He went into the library under the pretext of clearing it of articles belonging to himself, and she saw nothing more of him."

With some excitement Mr. Manly repeated:

"It is impossible. Sam. Williams is in my interest. He is now engaged in trying to ferret out the thief who took advantage of my illness to rob me."

"Yet this man was certainly there, for he went over on the same boat with Miss Lopez and conducted her safely to the house. He has been partly reared at Oakland, and is familiar with every nook about the house. After his visit to the library he went into the field to see his uncle, and returned to the house no more. Now what do you think of the vision, and the probability that Wilkins stole the will, intending to use it to his own advantage?"

Mr. Manly seemed deeply impressed at last by this strange revelation, and after a few moments' thought he said:

"It is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of in my life, and might almost make one believe in the reality of spiritual manifestations; but there is one important flaw in the evidence. At the time of my illness Wilkins was not in Newport. He had gone to Boston on business, in which I had some interest, and he did not return till after my recovery. It is therefore quite impossible that he should have been the thief who robbed me of the trust."

Fenton regarded him with an expression of blank disappointment, for he had made up his mind that the right clue had been found. He asked:

"Are you quite sure of this, Mr. Manly?"

"Perfectly—for Wilkins had accounts to collect for me in Boston; I saw him a few moments before he left for that place, and within an hour after his return."

"Then we are left to suppose that some person in his interest committed the first theft; for I am still of the opinion that Wilkins went to Oakland on the day Miss Lopez saw him, for the purpose of securing what he knew to be so important to her."

"It may be so; but I cannot bring myself to believe it. Wilkins is a steady man of business; he is sure of success in his profession, and I do not see that he could gain anything by such an act as this."

"That seems a forced conclusion to me, for of course the person to whom the property is bequeathed would pay very high to induce him to destroy Mr. Horton's will. If this Wilkins is in haste to be rich, that would open the shortest avenue to fortune."

"You may be right, Mr. Fenton, for the young man does not strike me as one who would shrink from any means of bettering his own fortune, though he might hesitate to compromise himself in any way. I am certain, however, that Wilkins did not *himself* commit the robbery, and I have been unable to ascertain who entered my office while I lay insensible. My son, a lad of twelve years, found me alone and gave the alarm."

"Have you missed anything else from that box? I perceive that other names are on the different packages, and an examination of them may furnish some clue to this mysterious affair."

"The same idea struck me, and I was endeavoring to ascertain that when you came in and interrupted me. I had examined all the packages except one, and if you will amuse yourself with the evening paper a few moments, I will prosecute my search."

"Pray do so, but I am too much interested in its result to fix my mind on the news of the day."

With nervous fingers the lawyer opened the bundle, on which the name of Hopkinson was endorsed in a crabbed hand; and, after a few moments' search, he uttered an exclamation.

Fenton excitedly asked:

"What is it? Have you discovered any farther loss?"

"Yes—a note for five hundred dollars from a man named James Blagdon to Mathew Hopkinson has also disappeared. I am certain it was in this bundle, for I placed it here only a few days before I was taken ill."

"And this Blagdon—who is he? What is he? and, above all, is he a friend of Wilkins?"

"As to the last, I am sure he is not, for Blagdon is a dissipated, good-for-naught, with whom a respectable young man like Wilkins would form no intimacy."

"Does he live in this place? Can we reach him in any way?"

Manly shook his head.

"I am afraid not. He was notified lately that it was my intention to bring suit against him on this very note that is missing, and he disappeared from the town; no one knows whither he went, for I have caused inquiry to be made for him in vain."

"Tell me some thing of him. May he not have been employed by Wilkins to get possession of the trust?"

"That is impossible, Mr. Fenton; for neither Blagdon nor any other person knew that it had been confided to me. Wilkins would never have [illegible] gain possession of it when he was not aware of its existence. If Blagdon took it, it was only to divert suspicion from himself by removing something else from the box that might be more important than his own note for so paltry a sum of money."

"Yes, I see; but he has evidently let Wilkins into his secret, and he has had shrewdness enough to profit by it. I remember now that Miss Lopez said one of the nocturnal visitors to Oakland was called Jemmy by his companion. The man who spoke to her assured her that the will should be forthcoming in time to save her inheritance, but of course we cannot rely on that. We must take energetic measures at once to right the wrong that has been committed."

Manly's usual astuteness seemed to have deserted him; he sat staring helplessly at Fenton, shaking his head in a dreary and doubtful manner. He, at length, said:

"It is easy enough to insist on what should be done, but how we are to set about doing it, is the question. Without more tangible proof against Wilkins than we possess, we could never bring the thing home to him, and he is far too sharp to commit himself. Unless the burglar comes forward himself and accuses him, I see no possible chance to reach him. How little he is likely to do such a thing as that, you can see for yourself, for he would render himself liable to a criminal prosecution for entering the house in the way he did."

Fenton would not be discouraged. He said:

"It is not my way, Mr. Manly, to give up the ship till the last timbers have parted. We must fight this battle out to the best of our ability, though we are working almost in the dark. I shall employ a shrewd detective to watch Wilkins, and discover who are his intimate friends. I shall set another on the traces of Blagdon; if we find *him*, we can imprison him on the charge of embezzling the note, and wring from him the information we want in the other matter, as the price of withdrawing the prosecution."

With a heavy sigh, the lawyer replied:

"That's all that can be done; but I am afraid that Blagdon will not be found. A few years ago he was in possession of a respectable property, but he has gambled and drank until nearly the whole of it is gone. The note that is missing was secured by a mortgage on the home place on which his mother, a very infirm old woman, lives; and, I am willing to believe, that it was to secure her from being turned out on public charity that he purloined it. He is a reckless fellow, but by no means a bad-hearted one. He is his own worst enemy."

Fenton impatiently replied:

"Blagdon is a man who will sell himself for money, as most spendthrifts will. If we can only secure him, our side will make it so much to his advantage to give the information we want that I believe we shall succeed in gaining him over. *Nil desperandum* shall be my motto, Mr. Manly, for I have everything to gain or lose on the issue of this affair. I adore Inez Lopez, but my mother, on whom I am nearly dependent, will cut me off without a provision if I marry a girl with only a thousand a year. We could not possibly live on that, and, if I relinquish wealth to secure the hand of Inez, it is but fair that I shall obtain some worldly equivalent with it. If she is defrauded of her inheritance, I believe I shall go mad, and—and do something desperate."

The excitement which Fenton had hitherto controlled now mastered him, and, with flashing eyes and flushed face he arose and paced rapidly to and fro the narrow boundary of the apartment. The cynical expression habitual to the lips of Manly faded away, and he watched the agitated young man with an expression of sympathy and interest not often indulged in by him.

The lawyer understood all that Fenton's confession implied, and he clearly saw that unless the interests of Miss Lopez were secured beyond a doubt, much as Godfrey Fenton loved her, he would not sacrifice himself for her sake. The acute man of the world, who spent his life in battling for mundane interests, could see nothing wrong in this, and he pitied the lovers over whom so heavy a calamity hung with all his heart. He more bitterly than ever regretted the illness which had led to such disastrous results; but he could see no promise of success in the warfare that Fenton had suggested.

The young man at length paused and asked, in a tone of defiant bitterness:

"*Must* the estate go to the legatee if the will is not found? In making that of Mrs. Hawks, were you not sharp enough to leave some loophole through which the quibbles of the law might creep in and scatter its provisions to the winds? Such things are not uncommon among men of your profession, you know."

A faint hectic spot came to the cheeks of the lawyer, and with all his native stiffness, he replied:

"When called on, sir, to act in my professional capacity, I of course drew up such a will as will stand the scrutiny of any court of law. If Mrs. Hawks possesses the right to dispose of the property she holds, it will certainly descend to Miss Gordon unless the will is cancelled or destroyed."

"It shall not go to her!" exclaimed Fenton, in an excited manner. "I swear that it shall not. You have that will in your possession, of course?"

Manly flushed, and in a tone of resentment, replied:

"No—Mrs. Hawks refused to allow me to bring it away with me, alleging that the loss of the trust, of which I informed her, induced her to believe that it would be safer in her own keeping."

"I am glad of that. Mrs. Hawks shall yet tear it up in the fury I mean to arouse in her weak mind against that unprincipled girl: and I sincerely hope that the testator may die before she has a chance to make another. Excuse me, Mr. Manly; but since I am foiled here, I must put in motion the other springs that are destined to explode the mine I will dig beneath Miss Gordon's unsuspecting feet. You know every body in this place, of course, and I empower you to find the detective I wish to employ. Do not grudge money, for I have enough and to spare for this purpose."

He seized his hat, but the lawyer detained him.

"Stop a few more moments, Mr. Fenton, if you please, and let us calmly discuss our measures. If we accomplish anything, we must act in concert."

Fenton again sat down, mastered his impatience, and in a short time a plan was agreed on which Manly undertook to carry out himself, leaving the young man free to act against the invader of the rights of Inez without being hampered by any other business.

As they parted, the lawyer said:

"I shall act as promptly and more cautiously in this affair than you would, sir; for I shall never feel entirely free from self-reproach if Miss Lopez is deprived of her inheritance through the loss of what was confided to me. I heartily wish you success in all you may undertake, Mr. Fenton."

"Thank you; and now I go to beard the lion in his den—in other words, to try and open the eyes of that poor old woman to the duplicity and double-dealing of her would-be heiress."

"If you are guilty of such imprudence as that you will lose all. Warn Miss Gordon and she will be prepared for you. She has possession of the ear and the heart of Mrs. Hawks, and all you could say against her would be of no avail. No, no. If you hope to succeed, you must use other means, and strike when she is least expecting the blow."

Fenton paused a moment, and then said:

"That is worth considering. I have thought of two plans, and the most distasteful one will probably be the one I shall at last be compelled to adopt. I will see you again before long, Mr. Manly, and let you know how I am progressing. Good afternoon. I must see and consult with a friend of mine before night. With her assistance, I hope to prove more than a match for Miss Gordon, with all her cunning."

Fenton hastened to the hotel, gained his room, where he hurriedly arranged his toilette and brushed his hair. Then, in a fever of impatience, he proceeded to the apartments occupied by Mrs. Langley and her brother. These consisted of two pleasant rooms, opening from each other, one of which was fitted up as a parlor, in which was a sofa-bedstead, occupied at night by Denham.

He was greatly rejoiced to find her alone; for he had feared that the presence of Guy might interfere with the conference he wished to hold with her on the subject of which his mind was full.

Mrs. Langley held out her hand with a smile of welcome, and said:

"You look very little like a happy lover, Godfrey. I hope that nothing has happened to cause a quarrel between yourself and your new flame, for I have quite made up my mind that you are to be constant to *her*."

"Of that there need be no doubt, Anna, for I am more enchanted with Inez than ever. If I lose her I shall lose everything; for, as the French say, I have lost my head as well as my heart."

"So much the better. I like to see you so much in earnest. What has gone wrong, then, for your face tells me that something has?"

"It must be a very tell-tale face, then; but you are shrewd enough to read a fellow's heart through every disguise. However, it is not my purpose to attempt to deceive you, cousin, for it is necessary that I shall give you my most unreserved confidence. I hope that you will accept it, and redeem your promise to aid me in every way you can to smooth the road to a speedy union with Inez."

"I am most eager to do so, Godfrey, so speak out as freely as you choose. I am all attention."

Her bright, piercing eyes were fixed clearly on his face. Fenton returned the questioning glance, and, with a laugh, said:

"You are a born plotter, Anna. If you had lived in the days of conspiracies, and been thrown among those who moved the springs of empire, you would have made a name in history. I have come to you now to get you to exert your peculiar talents in my behalf, and I trust that you will not refuse what I shall ask."

"Thanks for the equivocal compliment; but let that pass, and explain to me what I am to do. You know beforehand that I will refuse you nothing that is reasonable."

"You may not think it reasonable or honorable; but when we have a base adversary to deal with, we must fight her with her own weapons. I'll not mystify you any longer, but state at once that your quick wit must aid me in accomplishing a plan I have devised to expose Miss Gordon in her true character to Mrs. Hawks. Nothing else can save the inheritance of my betrothed to her."

"That is enough, Godfrey. Tell me what is to be done, and I will aid you with all my power."

He pressed her hand warmly, and said:

"You have always been my best friend, Cousin Anna, and I felt sure I should not call on you in vain. I shall proceed at once to develop my plot, and you shall judge of its chances of success. Nina Gordon is an incomparable mimic; she spares no one, and I feel assured that the peculiarities of Mrs. Hawks have not escaped caricature, for the amusement of her intimate friends. Can we not manage to get such an exhibition from Nina, and place Mrs. Hawks where she will be an unsuspected looker on, and *see* herself served up as a laughing-stock for others? That once affected, the will she has made would be destroyed before she slept."

Mrs. Langley clapped her hands and gleefully exclaimed:

"I see—I understand. Excellent and well devised; but how are we to overcome the difficulties in our way? Mrs. Hawks never leaves her own apartments except for a drive. She receives no one, and I confess to you that I do not even know her by sight."

"Where is she located? Anywhere near you?"

"Yes—that much is in your favor. Her rooms are next to these, and that door in the opposite wall goes into her parlor. I can hear the rattle of the dice now, for Miss Gordon spends her days in playing at backgammon or cards with the old lady."

"Ah, then I must speak more cautiously, for I would not have Nina's keen ears detect my voice in secret conference with you for any consideration. Everything depends on the mystery with which we shroud our proceedings."

"Well—yes; and now for the programme. How shall we proceed to obtain the result at which you aim?"

"The first thing to be accomplished is for you to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Hawks. That will not be so difficult as at first it might seem; the vicinity of your rooms and her infirmities afford you an excuse for seeking her, and I think she will feel flattered by the advances you may make. You can fascinate whoever you choose, Anna; and if you set yourself to work in earnest, you can not only gain the good will of the old lady, but you will be able to win the confidence of Miss Gordon. That will be absolutely necessary to our success, for you must have her in here some evening, with that young Bates and his sister. Nina is easily tempted to mimic any one that is suggested, and if she thinks Mrs. Hawks safely bestowed for the night, she will no doubt consent to serve her up for your entertainment. If you can accomplish this much, I will engage to do the rest. With the assistance of the old lady's maid, who is a fast friend of mine, and was once the nurse of Inez, I think the scales can be wrenched from the eyes of that deluded woman, and Nina Gordon sink to her proper level in the esteem of her benefactress."

Mrs. Langley listened with vivid interest. She had no scruples as to playing the part assigned her, for she was so eager to place a bar to the pretensions of Fenton to the hand of the girl her brother loved that she considered any means justifiable that would tend to that end.

Besides, she considered Nina Gordon a most unscrupulous girl, who merited the exposure she was so ready to prepare for her. After a moment's thought, she said:

"I have promised to aid you, Godfrey, and I will try my best to do so. But if I am to succeed, you must keep yourself in the back-ground, and permit me to speak of you to Miss Gordon in such a way as will induce her to believe that I am not the warmest friend you have. Slighting remarks with reference to you will probably win her confidence sooner than anything else, and without *that* I can do nothing, you know."

"Oh! to that you are welcome to use your own discretion. You may blacken me to the hue of Othello himself, if it will serve any useful purpose, and I shall not care. The day has long passed in which Nina Gordon's opinion of me was of any consequence. As to myself, I will spend a week at the Glades, fancying myself a demi-god while basking in the smiles of my queen of beauty, and listening to the sweet words of the most enchanting nymph that ever cast her spells on mortal man. Oh, Anna, I love Inez to that degree that I shall be tempted to risk everything to make her mine, even if she is so unfortunate as to lose her inheritance."

"Poor love-sick boy!" she laughingly exclaimed, as she passed her hand through his waving hair with a caressing movement familiar to him from childhood. "Your heart is truly aroused for the first time, Godfrey, and I am most happy that it is so. Opal Hastings would never have suited you, and I am glad that you have found metal more attractive. Guy will make up to her for the loss of such affection as you had to bestow, for he has long and truly loved her. You have no idea what a struggle it has been to him to repress every outward demonstration of his passion."

"Only help me to restore to Inez the fortune that of right belongs to her, and Guy is welcome to marry Opal as soon as her parents will consent, and also to inherit from my mother the whole of the money my stepfather bequeathed her the power to save. You know Mr. Markland intended that it should be divided between us at her death, but in her anger against me for disappointing her most cherished project, my mother will, no doubt, give Denham the whole of it."

A faint cloud passed over the face of Mrs. Langley, for he alluded to a family arrangement which had already produced much ill-feeling, and estranged the two young men from each other.

Fenton's mother had been left a widow but slenderly provided for; when he was in his tenth year she married a second time. Mr. Markland was a man of great wealth, and correspondingly liberal in his expenditure. He had a niece and nephew partially dependent upon him; the boys were near the same age, and both were educated at his expense, with the avowed intention of providing equally for them when they attained the age of majority.

He died suddenly without adding to his will the codicil that would have ensured this, and his widow came into the possession of the half of his estate, which he had bequeathed to her for her life, intending, it was well known among his friends, that at her decease it should be equally divided between Godfrey Fenton and his nephew. The remaining half devolved to two young daughters then almost in their infancy.

Though perfectly aware of her husband's intentions, Mrs. Markland made no effort to provide for Denham, but used all her financial ability to create out of her savings an estate for her son that would ultimately place his fortune on an equality with that of her younger children. Guy Denham she retained as the manager of her large estate, with a liberal salary, but nothing further was attempted by her to render him independent.

Mrs. Langley had married before the death of her uncle, and his bridal gift to her was the handsome portion of thirty thousand dollars settled on herself. Mr. Markland's great fondness for his nephew induced those who knew him most intimately to believe that he would do much more for him than for his sister, and much surprise was felt when it was found that Denham, at his uncle's decease, was left entirely at the mercy of the widow.

Mrs. Langley remembered all these things, and with sudden reserve, she replied:

"We will not speak on that subject, if you please, Godfrey. My brother is the last man to be willing to profit by your disobedience, so far as money is concerned. Your mother will do what she pleases with her savings, and I have little doubt that you will ultimately become their possessor. Fiercely as Aunt Gertrude's anger will rage against you for a season for refusing to make yourself and Opal miserable at her bidding, she will forgive you; for you know that you are the pride and darling of her heart."

"Do you think it will be possible for her to get over it if I marry Inez with the little that, at any rate, will be hers? She will have a thousand a year, but *that* my superb mother would regard as next to pauperism."

"I cannot answer for results if you give up Opal with her brilliant prospects, and take to yourself a wife with so small a provision as that. Aunt Gertrude might be obstinate, for she loves money and the power it gives better than any one I have ever known; but we will not consider that phase of the affair, for I have made up my mind that we will put Miss Gordon to rout, and re-instate your lady-love in the good graces of her rich relative, who shall reward the service you intend to render her by consenting to your marriage with her niece, and endowing her with the whole of her fortune. Nothing less will compensate me for the trouble I am going to take."

"I only hope that you will meet with so just a reward, Anna. I know that I shall thank you, and bless you as the savior of my happiness if you can succeed; and now, I believe we fully understand each other. I will make my arrangements to remove to the Glades to-morrow, and every evening I will come in to hear of the progress you are making in gaining the confidence of Mrs. Hawks and her protégée. I must leave you now to seek an interview with Mrs. Perkins, and initiate her into our plans. She is devoted to the interests of Inez, and she will not fail to second us with all her heart. I will write you a few lines, informing you of the result of my conference with her. *Au revoir*, my charming cousin."

He lifted the hand Mrs. Langley extended to him gallantly to his lips, and bowing low over it, left the room.

Mrs. Langley laughed softly to herself as the door closed upon him, and after musing a few moments, words broke unconsciously from her lips.

"Godfrey is just what he was in boyhood. Eager in pursuit of what interests him at the moment; careless of results to others, provided he grasps his own quarry. Well, such as he is, I love him now as I did when he was a little lad, and I will serve him in this affair with all the wit that I possess. That girl merits exposure, so why should I feel any shrinking at the thought of what we have planned? If I fail to win her confidence, and carry out our plot to a successful issue, it will be the first time I have ever failed in anything I have set my heart on.

"But my brother must not know what is going on. With his fastidious sense of honor, he would never consent that I should attempt such a thing, vitally as he is interested in getting Godfrey out of the way with Opal. Darling girl that she is, she will be far, far happier and safer with Guy than with such a man as Godfrey. Mr. Hastings will not thank me any more than Aunt Gertrude, but to that I am indifferent."

Mrs. Langley reclined on her sofa, her subtle brain arranging the acts of the comedy in which she was about to play so conspicuous a part, till her brother came in to take her down to supper.

She told him of the call she had received, and informed him that Fenton was going into the country to spend a week with some friends. Denham received the announcement indifferently, and did not even inquire to whom the visit was to be made, nor did she give a hint of the promise she made to him, or her firm resolution to keep it.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

BRUNA.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

For weeks, there had been great hurrying and skurrying at home while I was prepared for school. This was occasioned, in great part, by the sad fact that my invalid mother was unable to superintend these preparations, and very few girls of fifteen are capable of the systematic effort which brings order out of confusion, and secures rapid accomplishment. But I was ready at last; and late on the day preceding that fixed for the formal opening of Bruna Institute, I, with my belongings, was duly deposited at the open door of the young ladies' boarding-house.

I had before had a year in a small family boarding-school, whose proprietors I was to find transferred to the larger arena of Bruna. But a school organized on so large a plan as this was quite new to me. I confess I looked with some dread on the development of the experiment.

A large collection of girls, perhaps for the first time in their lives set free from the restraints of home, are, as Mrs. C. used wearily to say, pretty "hard customers."

I do not know that boarding-schools are greatly altered in some of their aspects in these days. I believe they have the same faults and disadvantages. In schools where both the sexes are taught, the disadvantages have disappeared in proportion as mystery and foolish restriction have vanished. Men and women were created to live in the same world, and to complement each other. All attempts at education are fragmentary when the sexes are taught separately. The mutual attraction of the sexes is as natural and right as any other attraction, and seldom, among the very young, leads to evil unless the extraordinary wisdom of the authorities, by hints and restraints, introduces an idea of the possibility of wrong. The girls who boarded outside the Institution associated, with comparative freedom, with their fellow-students of the male department. Those who lived in the Institution were always under the eye of teachers or, so likely to be, as to endeavor to avoid detection in that most horrid crime in the teacher's catalogue—conversation or flirting with the Adonites of fifteen or eighteen, who sometimes ventured more desperate measures than languishing glances or (too often) ill-spelt notes.

Do our best there were always wild spirits among us, and the spice of danger in these furtive meetings gave a wonderful charm to them. Smothered shrieks of laughter were wont to subside in preternatural silence when the teacher's foot crossed the hall, and I have often witnessed the direful twitchings of his convulsed face, as he opened the door upon our circle of solemn faces, that as surely told of the high fun just before rampant as the sounds of it that called him forth.

I remember certain feasts of sweet potatoes which we could hardly eat because our pocket-handkerchiefs were in constant requisition to smother our laughter, and once when we were all partaking of the contents of a huge pan of crackers and milk—a luxury we might not have appreciated highly if offered us at home—the teacher's knock, unprefaced by the usual warning of his creaking boots, was suddenly heard. Lib. Tuttle seized the pan and dived beneath the bed. She was a visitor, and so not missed. The occupants of the room caught their books. The door opened and disclosed us seated, silently and innocently, at our lessons.

The teacher had heard a noise which betrayed even the oft-practiced sham. He commenced the usual lecture, and we listened with that ludicrous solemnity which we had adopted for similar occasions, when an accident occurred, that upset our unnatural gravity, and even drew the teacher into the vortex of our fresh merriment. Uneasy, restless Lib. Tuttle had contrived to overturn the unlucky pan, and just as the reverend speaker waxed warm in his harangue, a pearly stream strayed across the room and laved his feet. Lib.'s unruly tongue could not be quite subdued. A rumbling issued from beneath the bed, and followed the milky eruption A smothered titter agitated the "young ladies." Our teacher lost his dignity, and his voice, the tones of which were suddenly explosive, hesitated, stammered, then shut the door with a slam, and retreated to the hall, whence the murmur of some strange internal storm reached us. Presently shut into his apartment, the sounds that soon issued thence told that he regaled his wife with the details of his adventure and failure. This lady immediately made a tour of inspection through the house and detected the absence of poor Lib. Tuttle from her room, and presently, with ominous knock and voice, summoned the offender forth to lecture and penalty.

It was a rule at Bruna that all lights should be extinguished at ten o'clock, and everybody in the darkness and silence appropriate to a sojourn in Dreamland. An assistant teacher, a mild, gentle-faced lady, was assigned to the duty of visiting all the rooms, at that hour, to ensure compliance with the rule. The darkness and silence she often found profound, while we were all snugly ensconced in bed, wrapped in cloaks and shawls, ready to rise and fasten the door as soon as she was gone, and rekindle fire and light. Cold and cheerless as we were, amidst the breathless silence of these midnight sojourns, their mystery, and successful violation of rules, had a charm for us we would not have readily missed.

One girl, the daughter of an eminent physician and naturalist, determined in quite another manner to put an end to this nightly espionage. She furtively removed from one of her father's cabinets a large, stuffed, white owl, with great glaring eyes, which she placed in the dim moonlit room so as abruptly to confront the teacher as she entered. As expected, this ghostly apparition frightened the poor young lady very much, as a succession of shrieks testified, while she retreated, followed by smothered laughter from the room.

But the proper calculation of the influence of Miss V.'s terror had not been made. She declined entering the room again, but the Lady Principal came next night and carried away the luckless "Bird of Minerva," which by some magic next made its appearance, evidently quite at home, and with no further errant intentions agitating its quiet breast, in its former abode, the doctor's cabinet.

A score of like stories, in which figured successive relays of pupils, are strung like beads, more or less sparkling, upon the chaplet of Bruna.

But all was not fun and frolic in Bruna. Pupils there were sternly studious, and deaf to all temptations. Bright and shining lights were these, cherished inmates of the Institution, favorites with the teachers, scarcely amenable to the discipline they never needed, but rapidly acquiring knowledge, either from an intense love of it for itself, or for purposes connected with their future lives. Many of these had been early initiated into a knowledge of the value of money, and the necessity of an economical and careful use of it. With definite hopes and objects for the future, they had arranged to obtain the greatest amount of knowledge and instruction with the smallest outlay. To dress and live poorly, while laying up the mental treasures which were to form capital to answer the drafts the future would make. Most of these, it is true, were among the male pupils, but there were noble girls who dared to believe that by brain and hand they should yet earn the guerdons of life's exertions. Names there are to-day standing amidst the noted ones of our country—standing high on the lists of the fame she offers to all worthy endeavor—that once stood unknown upon the rolls of Bruna. Names of those who unshrinkingly faced the hidden future, and dared, then, with a seer's vision, to foretell the achievements and rewards they now enjoy.

More than one name that rang round the world during the fearful civil war our country has suffered from was borne then by a bright, curly-haired youth at Bruna; and more than one woman, whom study and life-discipline had prepared for the task, has waded through the gore of dreadful battle-fields, or the reeking courts of hospitals, to carry aid to the wounded, who then was a light-hearted, gay, coquettish girl at Bruna. Many an one beside myself has read those names, during the past six years, with eyes that overflowed with tears of joy and pride as we recalled the image of those who bore them in the old care-free days.

But there were tragedies amidst those days when life and youth themselves were joy.

Sometimes bright eyes were dimmed, and young forms bowed beneath the hand of sickness. Death came, too, unrelentingly,—as the dark angel ever does—and those young lives silently passed from our midst. And once as we strayed, a few careless girls, beside the dark river that laved the rocky outskirts of Bruna, Jennie L., the merriest little fairy that ever made her presence a living joy in the dear old school house, stumbled on a jutting bank, and was precipitated into the boiling flood above the cataract. We heard her shriek, and, powerless, we followed and gazed and rent the air with our cries as the waters bore her unrelentingly on and into the seething abyss at the cataract's foot. We saw the pale, agonized face, and the anguished, imploring eyes, as the water swept her past us, and we looked next upon her bruised and distorted form as it was lifted from the water, and tears, so sad and genuine in their sorrow as in age we seldom weep, fell upon her coffin and the sod that covered her from our sight.

Yes, sad and happy were the days at Bruna. Not fleeting were its impressions either. Not children were we, though our feet but trod the threshold of life. We were ardent and joyous. We hoped much from the coming years. We saw not the cloud which wove its dark woof amid the sunshine of many a life. We dreamed not of the disenchanted future our feet have too often trod. We had no vision of the gay girls transformed by lives of care, laboring for, and criticised by, country parishes, to whom their good, dull husbands break the bread of life; or, with spectacles on their maiden noses and white threads in their hair, haranguing on the rights of women; or writing grave and stately books, or arranging with dignity and precision the details of the domestic life they enjoy. We saw not beneath those curly brows the brains of successful bankers, or in sophomoric displays the future statesmen, in the leather-brain and scapegrace of the school the distinguished general wreathed by laurels. Truly, the future, which is the NOW, was undreamed of. Life was not then in a stirring, vivid past—it lay in an undeveloped future. Bruna then was alone vivid to us. It is vivid now, in memory, but it is still the most real of all our memories of the lives we have lived. We hoped then to meet in the coming years; we know now we shall not; and the common bond of our remembrance of Bruna is all that remains to us of the brightest season of our life—its most unsullied passage.

DISAPPOINTMENT.—Perhaps in every situation in life it is necessary that hope should be first lessened by disappointment, before the buoyancy of the human mind will permit it to descend to the level of an evil fortune. Until a frustrated effort teaches him the difficulty of the attempt, he who has fallen may hope to rise again, and it is only when an exertion has been made with lessened means that we learn the value of advantages which have been long enjoyed, but with an undue estimate of their importance.

ROBERT ROBINSON · IMAGINATIONRADIO.COM

MOTION.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Not alone in Rest is Beauty,
But in motion see her still
Brighter, grander, more enduring,
By the Central Mover's Will.

O, what beauty in the waving
Of the flowers, of the trees,
Answering to the vital music
Of the whispers of the breeze!

And what beauty in the Ocean
Tossed about by tempest-hands,
Glorying in the mighty anthems
That they roll for listening lands!

And what beauty in the fountains,
As if well they knew the strife,
Knew and leaped to have their portion
In the loveliness of life.

Motion—is 't not Life's Beginning,
Giving Beauty's very birth?
With thy million wondering voices,
Answer, thou unresting Earth!

Answer, all ye peopled planets,
In your journeys never done:
Answer, all ye constellations
Marching round the Central Sun.

Motion—when we sing thy glory,
Sing we the Creator's throne;
And all must join in the worship
But the vile, blasphemous drone!

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SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XV.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

"TRADE WINDS." LONG'S PROMISED STORY.

We were now fairly within the tropics, and had the South-east Trade Wind to help us on our way; and we were sure of keeping it for a good long spell.

As we now had plenty of time to nap during the day, we had no need of being so particular about improving the hours for sleep at night; and thus it happened that I remained up during the first part of the first watch to hear Jo. Long's story. As soon as he had seen the look-outs stationed, and found that Mr. Drake would keep the deck during the first half of the watch, we seated ourselves under the lee of the long-boat, and the boatswain commenced his story as follows:

"Becket, the story I am now about to tell you is not only true, but I shall, if anything, keep inside of the real facts. All men are not alike with regard to receiving these strange impressions. Some men are more apt to have this gift of soul-power than others. There are men—and they are by far the greatest number—who do not appear to have the power of perceiving anything which they cannot either see or feel, while there are a few who possess not only the power of understanding things which would puzzle most men; but whose souls, or spirits, seem at times to act independently of the body. Such men can receive wonderful impressions upon the mind while the body is senseless in sleep."

I was much surprised at the manner in which Jo. spoke to me. As he came upon this theme he used language and expressed thoughts far superior to his usual style of conversation; and I found this to be characteristic of the man. I might say there were two men in Jo.'s body. One of them was a rough, plain-spoken, good-hearted sailor; and the other was a deep philosopher, with language almost fit for a preacher.

"But never mind about that now," he said. "We'll talk of that at some other time, and perhaps we'll have some interesting conversation. The story that I have now to tell has to do with the death of my father, and with another death, too, as you shall hear.

"I was three and thirty years of age when my father died, and as I happened to be at home at the time, I stopped to help my mother in her season of trouble. Of us children that lived to grow up there were only three, and the oldest was a girl named Sarah, six years older than myself. At the age of twenty she married a man named Seth Baldwin, and moved with him to Virginia; and I did not see her again until after our father's death. She came on once to visit the old folks, but I was away at sea, and she returned before I got home. When she made that visit she brought with her her only child, a chubby-faced, pretty boy, named John Davidson—so called after our uncle on our mother's side. And that uncle chanced to be there while Sarah was on her visit, and he took such a liking to the boy who had been named for him, that he did really coax and tease Sarah to let him have the lad; but, of course, you can imagine what came of that. But the boy, I have no doubt, would gladly have stopped with his uncle, for he took to the old man at once, and hung upon his knees from morning till night. But in time Sarah returned to her home, and Uncle John went about his business.

"I came home about a year after that, and while stopping with my parents we had a letter from Sarah which led us to conclude that she was not very happy. We inferred that her husband had taken to drinking and gambling. He had sold off most of his slaves, and talked of coming North. The next letter, however, informed us that they should remain where they were; and though their worldly prospects were brighter, yet Sarah was no happier. Baldwin had been fortunate in gambling, we judged.

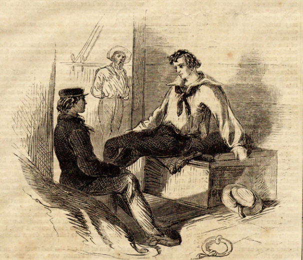
"Two years after that Uncle John Davidson died, and by his will he left twenty thousand dollars to Sarah's child—the boy which had been called by his name. And he left it in this way: The whole was to be held in trust by my father, to be paid over to the boy when he should come of age; but in case the mother should be in need, my father might, at his own discretion, give to her a sum not exceeding ten thousand dollars of the amount. So that, really, there were ten thousand dollars absolutely for the boy, and ten thousand for the mother, should she require it. The money was invested, and the interest was to be paid for the lad's education, for Uncle John had learned that the father paid no attention to his son's schooling.

"As I have already told you, when my father died I was at home. He had been sick some time, and he knew that he was dying. After the doctor had told him that he could not survive, he had a talk with me about the money he held for his nephew. He said that Sarah had written to him for money, and that she wanted the ten thousand dollars which her uncle's will permitted her to use. She had an opportunity to purchase a valuable plantation—such an opportunity as might not occur again in a lifetime. The man owning the plantation was forced to sell, and the property could be purchased for one-half its real value. Could she have the money now she could secure it, and as her husband had given her permission to buy it in her own name, she should do so, and hold it for her son; so that, really, the money would eventually not only go where her uncle had originally desired, but it would be more than doubled for the possessor. I thought the matter over, and it appeared to me that Sarah had better have the money; but as the amount was large, I suggested that she had better consult good legal advice in Virginia, and send an attorney on, with proper vouchers from her, to get the funds. My father considered my advice good, and he followed it.

"The next thing was to find a proper person to take charge of the property which was held for Sarah and her son, and my father asked me if I would accept the trust. I told him I would if his bondsmen would consent. He said he had conferred with them, and they were willing. So I accepted the trust, and the necessary papers were drawn up in my father's presence for giving me charge of the twenty thousand dollars.

"My father died, and was buried, and there was gloom upon the old home!

"A week after the funeral had taken place a man appeared with letters from my sister, fully empowered to take ten thousand dollars for her, and to receipt for the same in her name. We carried his documents to the lawyers in our place, and I also took them to three lawyers in Boston, and they were pronounced all correct. The man who came with them gave his name as Hartwell Derwent. He was a middle-aged man; a lawyer by profession; and appeared to be a perfect gentleman. He was a little flashy, and occasionally, when unguarded, used language which I did not much fancy; but then he was from a different sort of society from ours, and I had no reason to distrust him. I was somewhat disappointed that my sister had not come, but she sent a letter by Mr. Derwent saying that her health would not permit. And as for my nephew, it was explained that he was just finishing up his last term at college, and to have left then would have seriously interfered with his graduation.



But little was said about my sister's husband. He had given everything into his wife's hands, and appeared to have no interest in the matter whatever, further than to leave his wife at liberty to purchase a large plantation in her own name.

"Matters were finally all settled, and I went to Boston, in company with the lawyer I had employed—for I didn't dare to make a move in so important a matter without safe counsel—so I took the lawyer along with me, and we drew the ten thousand dollars from the bank and carried it home, and Mr. Derwent was to come on the next day and get it, my lawyer having promised to be on hand to help me do the business.

"That night my mother and I sat up till quite late, and our conversation, towards the last, turned upon my sister and her affairs. My mother did not feel easy. She was not satisfied with the letter which Sarah had sent. But I did what I could to set her mind at rest; for I could see nothing out of the way. She—that is, my sister—had explained fully what she wished to do with the money, and it appeared to me that, even allowing her son should ever wish to come North, the putting of ten thousand dollars into such a plantation would be a good investment.

"It was past eleven when I turned in, and very soon after my head touched the pillow I was asleep. I mention this because I want you to understand that I did not lie awake thinking of my sister; and I want you furthermore to understand that I had no suspicions but that all was as it should be. I don't know how long I had been asleep, but by 'm by I had a dream—partly a dream, and partly a vision. I thought my sister came to me at my bedside, and laid her hand upon my shoulder; and there was a young man with her—standing a little back—that she said was her son. She was pale and thin, and was dressed in a cloak of Scotch plaid—the colors of which were red and blue and white,—and that on her head she wore a large brown silk hood, with a small fur cape, and a narrow trimming of fur over the front border. The cloak was old, and so soiled that the white color of the broad checks had turned almost to grey. She did not look as I had ever seen her look before,—she looked much older than I could possibly have imagined her to look, and the long wavy locks that used to be of such a golden brown had many streaks of silver in them.

"She laid her hand upon my shoulder, and spoke to me plainly and distinctly. 'Joseph,' she said, 'you must not let Hartwell Derwent have that money. He is a bad man, and is my husband's tool. My husband wishes to rob me—to rob his son.' She stopped a moment, and then went on,—'If you love your sister, and would serve her, don't let the money go!' And with that she turned away and moved towards the door.

"And now, Beck., comes the most wonderful part. I awoke at that point, and started up, and I saw my sister standing at the door as plainly as ever I saw anything in my life—standing there in the same hood and cloak,—but her son was gone. She turned upon me a beseeching look, and then clasped her hands and raised them towards heaven. I called her name, and with that she disappeared. She did not go out of the door, but melted into air. I made myself sure that I was awake, and then I got up and found the tinder-box and struck a light; but I found nothing out of the way, and in a little while I went to bed again.

"In the morning I got up and dressed myself, and when we came to the breakfast table I found my mother looking really sad; and when I asked her what was the matter, she said that she did not feel right about letting that money go. I asked her if she had been dreaming. No—she had dreamed nothing in that direction. What she felt was an impression, and it lay heavy on her heart like a painful load. Something seemed to whisper to her continually that the money ought not to go; and she said she should feel very sad to see me pay it away. Upon that I told my mother to rest easy. I did not tell her of my dream, bnt I told her I had made up my mind that I would not pay the money away until we heard further from my sister. This made her happy, and she told me she felt sure that I had done a wise thing.

"About the middle of the forenoon Mr. Derwent called for his money. I had waited at home for him, and as I opened the door at his knock, he entered our sitting-room with a free-and-easy air, as though he possessed a liberty of the premises.

"'Well,' said he, 'I suppose the money is ready for me.'

"'Mr. Derwent,' said I, 'I have concluded that I cannot let the money go until I have heard further from my sister.'

"The man started from his chair and wanted to know if I was in earnest. I told him I was, most assuredly. At first he set out to rave, but he held in a while, and laughed as though he thought it was all a joke. 'A capital joke,' he called it. But I finally made him understand that he could not have the money until I had heard further from my sister. Then he set out to rave again; but he held in a second time, and began to explain to me what a loss it would be to my sister and her son. They would lose the plantation by the delay, and that would be equal to the loss of ten thousand dollars outright.

"At this point—while the man was pressing that consideration with all his power—a new idea occurred to me, which, simple as it was, had not struck me before.

"'Never fear,' I said. 'I will carry the money to her myself.'

"He stared at me, and I thought I had better put the matter beyond the need of further argument. So I looked him calmly and steadily in the face, and said I:

"'Mr. Derwent, for all that I know, or ever heard, you may be the most honorable man that ever lived, but I shall not pay over to you one penny of this money. If my sister gets it, she must receive it through my own hands.'

"And then the fellow burst. He raved, and tore, and swore, and cursed; and when I had made him understand that there was a lady within hearing, and had also gently hinted that his present behavior was not calculated to strengthen my confidence in him, he caught his hat and went away, swearing that he'd have the money by due course of law before night. From our house he went to the village lawyer, but he got no satisfaction there, and from there he went to Boston, where he remained two days, and then he came back and tried the persuasive dodge on me. He begged and prayed, and tried to make me understand how much my sister would lose by the delay. But I'd had another dream, exactly like the first, and I would not let the money go; and Mr. Derwent left me, swearing all sorts of law and vengeance.

"That was the last I saw of Hartwell Derwent; but another person I saw very shortly afterwards. It was on Friday that Derwent left me the last time. On Sunday afternoon, just as the people were coming home from church, a pale, thin, faltering woman, clad in a long cloak of Scotch plaid—of red and blue and dingy white,—and wearing upon her head a hood of brown silk, with a fur cape and a fur border, walked up the road towards our house; and she leaned upon the arm of a tall, slender youth, who seemed almost as weak as she. Up to our door the travellers came, and my mother went to meet them; and in another moment I heard stifled cries and sobs and kisses; and one said—'*My child! my child!*' and the other said—'MY MOTHER!'

"Becket, it was my sister and her son. Her husband had become worse than a brute, and she and her boy had fled from him. Almost her first inquiry after she got into the house was—Had we let her money go? And then she told us how her husband had locked herself and her son up in a cold, dark room; and how she had written the letters which Derwent had brought to save her boy's life. But she had taken advantage of a drunken fit on the part of her brutal husband to make her way to Norfolk, where she had found a vessel bound for Boston.

"When my sister had had time for rest, I told her of the dream which had prevented me from paying over her money. When she had heard me through, she got up from her chair and came to where I sat.

"'Joseph,' she said, 'that was last Tuesday night?'

"I told her it was.

"'On that very night,' she said, 'we were approaching the harbor of Boston, and I was in agony for fear that Derwent would get the money before I could reach you; and when I slept I dreamed that I had reached the old home, and that you had the money all ready to pay over; and I thought I made my way to your chamber, and woke you up, and begged you not to let the money go.'

"Becket, that's the end of the story. How my sister got well; and how the boy came out all right; and how we heard not long afterwards of Seth Baldwin's death, does not matter. You have heard the story of the dream; and you can depend upon every thing's having happened just as I have told you. Now what do you think of it?"

And I asked Jo. what he thought of it.

"Why," he replied, "I can think only one thing clearly. I think I can see from it that our spirits and our bodies are not necessarily united, and it helps me wonderfully towards believing that when these poor bodies of earth are cast away and wrecked upon the shores of Time, our spirits may sail on towards the haven of Eternal Rest."

And thus Jo. gave me a pleasant thought to take to my bunk with me.

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A Word—A Look.—How very few of the motives which influence human actions are visible to us! and how many engagements have been dissolved, how many foolish hearts broken, for a word or a look!

"A something light as air, a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh, love that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken!"

WHERE ARE YOUR LITTLE ONES GOING THIS SUMMER?

I ask this question, because I consider it a crime to defraud childhood of its happy country experience. At no *fashionable* place of resort can this be attained; or if it can, it *is* not done. For even though at stipulated hours the child may be allowed a ramble, its handful of cherished flowers must be snatched from its hand half a dozen times a day, while its little proprietor is re-dressed, re-combed, re-curled and re-washed for show parade in a public parlor. Instead of this, why not take it where *one* dressing a day is sufficient, and that in the early morning? If its face and hands are presentable at meals, let that suffice. For the rest, let it dig in the dirt, and roll in the grass, and tumble in the barn, unchecked by care of the sacred dry-goods. If you *must* sacrifice your child to fine clothes in the city, for heaven's sake give it a chance for health and enjoyment in the country.

It may be asking too much that you yourself, leave your own fine clothes at home, that you may ramble with it in the woods and fields; but at any rate take one plain suit for yourself to enable you to do so. Sometimes when in the country, I have been dumb with astonishment, to see parents *always* delegate this pleasure to nurses, while the father is in the billiard-room, or the mother in full dress, at all hours, on a hotel piazza or in the parlor. How can they be content to lose all a child's eager, ecstatic, innocent, wholesome delight, at the flowers and mosses and animals it is so fond of watching? How can they be content *always* to lose the opportunity of answering the curious and intelligent questions to which a "nurse" only replies "don't bother?"

How can they fill its little trunk with ribbons, and sashes, and curiously embroidered garments, and never provide it a water-proof coat, or rubbers, that it may not be kept close prisoner every time it sprinkles, on account of its sacred clothes? If a child is not to be made welcome in this world, it had better not come. Nothing can ever make up to it in after-life, for that grey, colorless childhood, out of which *you* cruelly banish every rose tint. Oh, the difference in after years to that child, when memory recals only the pettish oversight of hirelings! It is all the difference between the lovely rose, blossoming full in the sunlight, nodding its joyful head to every breeze, and giving out unconsciously, but surely, its sweetness, and the same plant imprisoned in a vase, down cellar, struggling to put out its white sickly shoots, which shrivel as soon as put forth, and bear neither bud or blossom. Every summer that I go into the country I think these thoughts, as I look upon the myriad victimised children of silly parents; thwarted in every innocent pleasure, twitched here and there,—cuffed and badgered, because they are restive under such disgusting mismanagement. I have had a great mind to go forth as a female missionary among them; and, calling round at the different houses, collect each morning the children of these fashionable mothers, for a good rough-and-tumble ramble in the woods, leaving the nurses and fine dresses at home with the fine mothers.

I write this, hoping some young mother who, after all, is more thoughtless and inexperienced than wicked, may take a more sensible view of this subject before she takes her little ones away for the present summer. There is much said now on "the sin of *not* having children;" for my own part, till parents can make up their minds to live in and for their children, instead of devising means to keep them as much as possible out of their sight, I, for one, shall have nothing to say in favor of large families.

FANNY FERN.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SCIENTIFIC.—This correspondent is a young man who is about to be graduated at an eastern college, and who, early in his collegiate course, imagined himself to have fallen in love with a young lady, whom we will call Miss A., and to whom he became engaged. Some time afterwards he went home with a classmate to a neighboring city, where he saw another young lady, whom we will call Miss B., who far surpassed Miss A. in beauty and accomplishments, with whom he became infatuated, finally proposing marriage, and being accepted as her betrothed. On going back to his studies he awoke to the realities of his situation, and had a miserable time of it with his conscience concerning his two promised brides. But the end was not yet. On going to his own home, in a distant State, where he had not been for three years, he met an old playmate (whom we will call Miss C.) who had developed into what our correspondent calls "a royally regal woman in beauty and loveliness. In gazing upon her," he says, "I for the first felt the throb of *real* love. Before, I had only imagined myself to be in love; *then*, I *knew* that I loved. But I was on my guard, and did not again commit the wrong of letting my love be known, deep and all-absorbing as it was. I returned to college in a state of perfect misery. I had to visit Miss A., and write affectionately to Miss B., and all the while I loved only Miss C. The time is rapidly approaching when I shall leave college, and must decide on some positive course as to my life and marriage. *What can I do?* I know that I have done very wrong, and I want now to do the right thing; but what *would be right* in my case? Please help me in this emergency, and I shall forever be grateful." You must *begin* by telling the truth all round. After having done that, and thus put Miss A. and Miss B. in possession of the facts, you must await developments long enough for the natural wrath and perturbation to subside, and then submit to any humiliations which the honor and feelings of the ladies may require.

A. D. F.—"I was at a young lady's house one evening," writes this young man, "where I had called rather accidentally as it were, but where I had stayed for an hour or so, as we both enjoyed the visit, when another young lady came in and stayed but a few minutes. As she was going out, I offered to escort her home, and she accepted the offer. Now, the question is, after going home with her, ought I to have returned to the house of the other young lady; or, if I had returned there, would it have been a breach of etiquette?" According to the general rule, it would have been rather "crowding" matters for you to have returned to the young lady's house so late in the evening. If she had urged you to return, you might have escaped the charge of obtrusiveness if you had yielded to her request; but, even under such circumstances, it would have been better for you to follow the safe old rule, and not indulge in "too much of a good thing."

SUNDAY EVENING.—You are right in maintaining that it is improper for young people of both sexes to go to a hotel on Sunday evenings, and stay there gossipping, and eating and drinking till midnight. It is hardly possible that any respectable young man, and still more especially any respectable girl, would be a party to such a vulgar and disreputable proceeding. We certainly would not keep in our employ any young man whom we knew to be guilty of such an offence against religion, decency, and good morals, and should oathe the sight of any young woman whom we knew o be capable of such abhorrent conduct.

HARLEM.—Perhaps "the two young ladies" didn't see you on the occasion referred to. If they did see you, and avoided speaking to you because of any objection on their part to making the acquaintance of your mother and sister, you should of course let them go. You say you "love them both to distraction." Now this will not do. A man can only properly love *one* girl "to distraction," at a time.

LARRY.—Your notions of "honor" must be rather dull, or you would not attempt to "cut out" a friend who had been paying attention to a young lady for several months. The girl's seeming preference for yourself is probably founded on your own conceit.

J. M.—When a railroad track has such a sudden curve that the outside rail is laid a little higher than the inside one, it is so laid for the purpose of neutralizing the tendency of a vehicle to upset when rapidly swung around a curve.

URBANA.—The young lady's reason for thinking it would be best for you and her not to write to one another so often, may be that she thinks the postage is too severe a tax on your purse, as you are such a stickler for economy.

E. Y. S. states one of the most singular cases that has come under our notice for a long time. He says: "I was born of aristocratic parents, and my father, not wishing to see his children seek (as he called it) a menial living, compelled each of the sons (of which there were three) to choose a profession. Not being willing to do so myself, my father compelled me, and consequently I *had* to conform, and in doing so I took to the study of medicine. I was born on the Isle of Wight, and was educated in England, and have a diploma (with the attachment of M. D.) from the Royal College of Surgeons, England. My mind has ever been and is still now on mechanical pursuits, and I have for the last year worked accordingly, and am counted one of the most skillful mechanics in the place. I am getting five dollars per day. Now, sir, what I wish you to answer is this: do you think it is degrading to follow the pursuit of mechanism? My associates say I am degrading myself. I love the employment, yet my own brothers scorn me because I work, and my sister says she knows that even the *Ledger* won't approve of my actions." The *Ledger's* theory is, that the most honorable thing which a man can do is to earn his living "on the square," by the sweat of his brow. Whether his industrial implements be literary, professional, military, naval, mechanical, agricultural, scientific or artistic, makes no difference, so long as he does his work honestly before God, and fairly pays his way. In your own particular case, we think you have done right, and that you deserve much credit therefor. Go ahead in the path you have chosen, and may success attend you.

STENCIL.—Here is a young man who states one of the most pitiable cases that have come under our attention. He is but a little over eighteen years old, and yet his health has become so sapped by physical abuses and imprudences that he can not work at anything which taxes his bodily powers. His mother is a widow in reduced circumstances; and as he cannot earn anything, the family often suffers from want of bread. His education is fair, and he thinks he could get a situation in some establishment if he only had decent clothes to wear, so as to make a presentable appearance. He dare not confess to his mother or his friends the real state of his health, and so has to bear their taunts of laziness, idleness, &c. Sometimes he wants to die, and so have an end of his sufferings. "One hope," he says, "remains, and that is this: If some person who has the means would advance me money enough to buy a suit of clothes and an outfit of tools and materials for the stencil business, I think I could pay him back in two months, at the outside, and then go on successfully." This is a poor "hope" for you, or for any young man. If those who know your family will not help you, it is in vain for you to appeal to the world at large. Your case affords a striking instance of the inevitable retribution which follows upon the track of the transgressor, and should serve as a warning to every boy who reads the *Ledger* to "Remember his Creator in the days of his youth," lest a life of misery become his portion.

RITA sends us the following letter, which, when one considers the nature of young creatures like her, affords food for melancholy forebodings. She says: "I am a school-girl of fifteen, and have been engaged to a young man of seventeen for a year or more; now he has just gone to college for two years, and would it be right for me to go out in company with other young men? I am invited to go to a pic-nic soon, and if it would be proper for me I would like to go, but if it would not I would rather not go. I have no mother to advise me, and my father laughs at me, and calls me love-sick when I say anything to him about it. Please give me the desired information soon." In the first place, it was the sheerest folly for a girl of fourteen and a boy of sixteen to enter into a marriage engagement. An engagement thus entered into is no more binding than an agreement between children to buy and sell valuable property would be. It was *wrong* for you to enter into such an engagement, and for that reason you should repudiate it. Having put an end to it, you will be free to do as you please; but such a foolish girl as you are should be careful how you let your thoughts run on "company" of any kind. If your father laughs at you, when you tell him of such matters, he does very wrong. In such a case, a father has need of all his wisdom and discretion, and should weigh his every word and action with consummate prudence.

HECTOR.—This correspondent, of warlike and heroic signature, asks: "If I am insulted, while [illegible] the str[illegible]ith a lady, by another fellow, should I stop then and there and demand satisfaction, or should I wait until I had accompanied the lady to her home?" It seems strange that any young man of ordinary sense should ask such a question. If he should "then and there demand satisfaction," and the "other fellow" should "then and there" offer to give him satisfaction, what would become of the young lady meanwhile? Her position would be rather awkward unless the two "satisfactionists" should enlist her in the cause, engage her to hold their hats, and appoint her umpire of the fight. If young men would remember, in all cases in which a lady is concerned, that *her* feelings and convenience are to over-ride all personal considerations on their part, they would have little or no difficulty in determining what course they should take under any exigency.

LOST.—This young man informs us that he is "lost in meditating," and wishes to confide to us the secret that he is a young man nearly twenty-two years old, and in love with a young girl of seventeen who is too poor to get married. "Under these deplorable circumstances," he asks, "what sensible and high-toned course shall I pursue? Shall I marry, be happy, and starve; or live single, be miserable, and accumulate a competency?" Really, this is putting the case in a most puzzling manner, inasmuch as either starvation or misery seems to be inevitable in any event. On the whole, perhaps you would enjoy marriage, happiness and starvation more than single-blessedness, misery, and a competence, and should therefore marry in the course of a few years.

MEMORY.—If a man wants to increase the strength of his arm, he gives it such exercise and practice as will best develop its muscle. The same rule holds as to the increase of the power of the memory. You must exercise and practice *it* regularly on such things as will add to its sharpness and power. If, however, your memory is actually weak and deficient by nature, you can never develop it into a first-class organ, although you may greatly increase its efficiency. Had you begun to train it in early life, you might have achieved greater results.

A NATURALIST.—It may be that you could "induce some scientific body" to send you "into the wild regions of the earth in search of unknown plants and animals," but the chances would be decidedly against you! Why do you not start out independently as Mungo Park, Audubon, Livingstone, and Du Chaillu did? Having once proved your nerve and capacity, you would find abundant opportunities for employing them to your personal advantage in such researches as you seem to have a passion for.

WALTER.—You could find a United States recruiting station in almost any of the large cities. But if you cannot, and if you are zealous in your desire to enlist, write to the Adjutant General of the United States Army, at Washington, D. C., stating your case, and you will get a reply giving you all the information which you will need.

M. B.—If you want to get appointed to the United States Naval Academy, you should state your case to the member of Congress from your district, and have him make the necessary application to the Naval Department.

MARY.—You can "learn to write short-hand without the aid of a teacher" by purchasing the necessary books and studying them assiduously. You can easily find the books in some of the Philadelphia bookstores.

JAMES.—In addressing an ex-governor, or an "ex" anybody, it is not in accordance with good usage to address him as "His Excellency."

HENRY M., (Detroit).—We have electrotype plates of the *Ledger*, and can therefore furnish back numbers of it, as far back as 1859.

⁂*Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

—As the *Ledger* is electrotyped, we are always prepared to print and furnish back numbers. Persons who desire to obtain complete sets of the papers containing Mr. BEECHER'S story, as far as published, can be supplied by applying at this office, or at any news-office or book-store where papers are sold. If a dealer does not happen to have them on hand, he will procure them for any one, on their being applied for.

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—The Rev. Mr. "S. McChesney," in a card over his own signature, says that the report of his remarks about the *Ledger*, was "accidentally incorrect." We hope that no one will accuse us of having induced Mr. McC. to make this admission for the purpose of advertising the *Ledger*. We never hired him to do that, or anything of the sort. In fact, he has never been in our employ in any capacity.